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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

My brother Joe had at one time made a distinct request to my father that he should learn the trade, in which he was backed up by my mother, for the rather inscrutable reason that any trade was better than cooping. It was a perfectly undeniable proposition, but was somewhat uncalled-for, because the question with Joe was not between smithwork and cooper-work, but between hand-work and head-work—whether he should become an artisan or a scholar.

It was that busybody Emma that persuaded him in the end, of course, by quietly depreciating me, and by flattering Joe's intellect. During the time that the matter was in debate, she assumed a pensive air, and used to heave little sighs when she looked at Joe, and was so misguided once as to dust a chair I had been sitting in. After this I was taken with a sudden affection for her, and, having made my face seven times dirtier than usual, had embraced her tenderly. I also put a cinder in her tea, which brought matters to a crisis, for we both burst out laughing; and I called her a stuck-up humbug, which thing she acknowledged with graceful humility, and before I had time to turn round had made me promise to add my persuasion to hers, and persuade Joe to become a scholar.

I did so, and turned the scale. Joe
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continued at school, first as pupil, and secondly as an underteacher, until he was sixteen, at which time it became apparent to Mr. Faulkner that Joe was giving promise of becoming a very first-rate man indeed.

He expressed this opinion to Mr. Compton, who called upon him one day for the purpose of asking him his opinion of Joe. A very few days after he came to my father, and said that Sir George Hillyar begged to take the liberty of advising that Mr. Joseph Burton should remain where he was a short time longer; after which Sir George "would have great pleasure in undertaking to provide employment for those extraordinary talents which he appeared to be developing."

"Well," said Joe, with a radiant face; "if this ain't—I mean is not—the most ex-tra-a-ordinary, I ever."

I said that I never didn't, neither.

My father whistled, and looked seriously and inquiringly at Mr. Compton.

"I don't know why," answered Mr. Compton, just as if my father had spoken. "Erne's —, I mean," continued he, with a stammer, at which Miss Emma got as red as fire, "I mean Erne's friend's brother there, Reuben's cousin—Law bless you! fifty ways of accounting for it. But, as for knowing anything, I don't, and, what is more, old Morton the keeper don't know, and, when he don't know, why, you know, who is to?"

"Certainly, sir," said my father. "So

old Morton he don't know nothink, don't he? Well! Well!"

However, this was very good news indeed. We should have Joe with us for some time longer, and the expectation of the first loss to the family circle was lying somewhat heavy on our hearts. And then, when he did leave us, it would be with such splendid prospects. My mother said it would not in the least surprise her to see Joe in a draper's shop of his own—which idea was scornfully scouted by the rest of us, who had already made him prime minister. In the meantime I was very anxious to see Erne and thank him, and to know why Miss Emma should have blushed in that way.

Erne evidently wanted to see me for some purpose also, for he wrote to me to ask me to meet him at the old place the next Sunday afternoon.

The "old place" was a bench which stood in front of Sir Thomas More's monument, close to the altar rails of the old church. We promised that we would all come and meet him there.

It is so long ago since we began to go to the old church, on Sunday afternoon in winter, and in the evening in summer, that I cannot attempt to fix the date. It had grown to be a habit when I was very, very young, for I remember that church with me used at one time to mean the old church, and that I used to consider the attendance on the new St. Luke's, in Robert Street, more as a dissipation, than an act of devotion.

My mother tells me that she used first to take me there about so and so—meaning a period when I was only about fourteen months old. My mother is a little too particular in her dates, and her chronology is mainly based on a system of rapidly-recurring eras: a system which, I notice, is apt to spread confusion and dismay among the ladies of the highly-genteel rank to which we have elevated ourselves. However, to leave mere fractions of time, of no real importance, to take care of themselves, she must have taken me to the old church almost as soon as my retina began to carry images to my brain, for I can remember Lord and Lady Daere, with

their dogs at their feet, before I can remember being told by Mrs. Quickly, that the doctor had been for a walk round the parsley bed, and had brought me a little brother from among the gooseberry bushes: which was her metaphorical way of announcing the fact of my brother Joe's birth.

At first, I remember, I used to think that all the statues were of the nature of Guy Fawkes, and were set up there to atone for sins committed in the flesh. From this heretical and pagan frame of mind I was rescued by learning to read; and then I found that these images and monuments were not set up for warning, but for example. I began to discover that these people who had died, and had their monuments set up here, were, by very long odds, the best people who ever lived. I was, for a time, puzzled about those who had their epitaphs written in Latin, I confess. Starting on the basis, that every word in every epitaph was strictly true, I soon argued myself into the conclusion that the Latin epitaphs were written in that language for the sake of sparing the feelings of the survivors; and that they were the epitaphs of people about whom there was something queer, or, at all events, something better reserved for the decision of the scholastic few who understood Latin. At a very early age I became possessed with the idea that when Mrs. Quickly died it would become necessary, for the sake of public morality, to write her epitaph in Latin. I can't tell you how I came to think so. I never for a moment doubted that such an excellent and amiable woman would have a very large tomb erected to her by a grateful country; but I never for a moment doubted that it would become necessary to have a Latin inscription on it.

But conceive how I was astonished by finding, when I was a great fellow, that the Latin inscriptions were quite as complimentary as the English. Joe translated a lot of them for me. It was quite evident that such people as the Chelsea people never lived. So far from Latin being used with a view of hiding

any little *faux pas* of the eminent deceased from the knowledge of the ten-pound householders, it appeared that the older language had been used merely because the miserable bastard *patois*, which Shakespeare was forced to use, but which Johnson very properly rejected with decision, was utterly unfit to express the various virtues of these wonderful Chelsea people, of whom, with few exceptions, no one ever heard. It used to strike me, however, that, among the known or the unknown, Sir Thomas More was the most obstinately determined that posterity should hear his own account of himself.

My opinion always was, that the monuments which were in the best state were those of the Hillyars and of the Duchess of Northumberland. There are no inscriptions on these, with the exception of the family names. The members of the family are merely represented kneeling one behind the other with their names—in the one case above their heads, in the other, on a brass beneath. The Dacres, with their dogs at their feet, are grand; but, on the whole, give me the Hillyars, kneeling humbly, with nothing to say for themselves. Let the Dacres carry their pride and their dogs to the grave with them if they see fit; let them take their braches, and lie down to wait for judgment. Honest John Hillyar will have no dogs, having troubles enough beside. He and his family prefer to kneel, with folded hands, until the last trump sound from the East, or until Chelsea Church crumble into dust.

I always loved that monument better than any in Chelsea Old Church. 'Tis a good example of a mural monument of that time, they say, but they have never seen it on a wild autumn afternoon, when the sun streams in on it from the south-west, lights it up for an instant, and then sends one long ray quivering up the wall to the roof, and dies. What do they know about the monument at such a time as that? Still less do they know of the fancies that a shock-headed, stupid blacksmith's boy

—two of whose brothers were poets, and whose rant he used to hear—used to build up in his dull brain about it, as he sat year after year before it, until the kneeling figures became friends to him.

For I made friends of them in a way. They were friends of another world. I found out enough to know that they were the images of a gentleman and his family who had lived in our big house in Church Street three hundred years ago; and, sitting by habit in the same place, Sunday after Sunday, they became to me real and actual persons, who were as familiar to me as our neighbours, and yet who were dead and gone to heaven or hell three hundred years before—people who had twenty years' experience of the next world to show, where I had one to show of this present life; people who had solved the great difficulty, and who could tell me all about it, if they would only turn their heads and speak. Yes, these Hillyars became real people to me, and I, in a sort of way, loved them.

I gave them names in my own head. I loved two of them. On the female side I loved the little wee child, for whom there was very small room, and who was crowded against the pillar, kneeling on the skirts of the last of her big sisters. And I loved the big lad who knelt directly behind his father, between the knight himself, and the two little brothers, dressed so very like blue-coat boys, such quaint little fellows as they were.

I do not think that either Joe or Emma ever cared much about this tomb or its effigies. Though we three sat there together so very often for several winters, I do not think it ever took their attention very much; and I, being a silent lad, never gave loose to my fancies about that family monument even to them. I used to find, in the burst of conversation which always follows the release of young folks from church, that we all three, like most young people, had not attended to the sermon at all; but that our idle fancies, on those wild winter afternoons,

had rambled away in strangely different directions. I always used to sit between the two others, upright, with my head nearly against the little shield which carries the date, "Anno, 1539." Soon after the sermon had begun I used to find that Joe's great head was heavy on one shoulder, while Emma had laid her cheek quietly against the other, and had stolen her hand into mine. And so we three would sit, in a pyramidal group, of which I was the centre, dreaming.

I used to find that Joe would be building fancies of the dead who lay around us, of what they had done, and of what they might have done, had God allowed them to foresee the consequences of their actions; but that Emma had been listening to the rush of the winter wind among the tombs outside, and the lapping of the winter tide upon the shore—thinking of those who were tossed far away upon stormy seas, only less pitiless than the iron coast on which they burst in their cruel fury.

I cannot tell how often, or how long, we three sat there. But I know that the monument had a new interest to me after I made Erne Hillyar's acquaintance, and began to realize that the kneeling figures there were his ancestors. I tried then to make Erne the living take his place, in my fancy, among the images of his dead forefathers and uncles; but it was a failure. He would not come in at all. So then I began trying to make out which of them he was most like; but he wasn't a bit like any one of them. They none of them would look round at you with their heads a little on one side, and their great blue-black eyes wide open, and their lips half-parted as though to wait for what you were going to say. These ancestors of his were but brass after all, and knelt one behind the other looking at the backs of one another's heads. Erne would not fit in among them by any means.

But one day, one autumn afternoon, as I sat with Emma on one side, and Joe on the other, with my back to Sir

Thomas More's tomb and my face to Sir John Hillyar's, thinking of these things, I got a chance of comparing the living with the dead. For, when the sermon was half way through, I heard the little door, which opens straight from the windy wharf into the quiet chancel, opened stealthily; and, looking round, I saw that Erne had come in, and was sending those big eyes of his ranging all over the church to look for something which was close by all the time. I saw him stand close to me, for a minute, moving his noble head from side to side as he peered about him, like an emu who has wandered into a stock-yard; but, as soon as he had swept the horizon, and had brought his eyes to range nearer home, he saw me. And then he smiled, and I knew that he had come to find us.

And after service we walked out together. And the sexton let us into that quiet piece of the churchyard which overlooks the river, and we stood there long into the twilight, talking together as we leant against the low wall. Erne stood upon the grave of the poor Hillyar girl who had died in our house, as his habit was, talking to me and looking at Emma. The time went so quick that it was dark before we got home; but we all discovered that it was a very capital way of having a talk together, and so, without any arrangement at all, we found ourselves there again very often. Once Emma and I went along with Frank; but Frank, having eaten a dinner for six, went to sleep, and not only went to sleep but had the nightmare, in a manner scandalously audible to the whole congregation, in the first lesson. Emma had to take him out, and, when I came out at the end of the service, I found that Erne and Emma were together by the river-wall, and no one else but Frank. He had seen her coming out, and had stayed with her for company. It was very kind of him, and I told him so. He called me an old fool.

The Sunday afternoon on which we were to meet Erne was a wild and gusty one, the wind sweeping drearily along the shore, and booming and rush-

ing among the railings around the tombs. My sister and I went alone, and sat on the old bench : but no Erne made his appearance, and soon I had ceased to think much of him.

For there came in and sat opposite to me—directly under the Hillyar monument—the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. She was very young, with a wonderfully delicate complexion, and looked so very fragile, that I found myself wondering what she did abroad in such wild weather. She was dressed in light grey silk, which gave her a somewhat ghostly air ; and she looked slightly worn and anxious, though not enough to interfere with her almost preternatural beauty. When I say that I had never seen such a beautiful woman as she was, I at once find that I can go farther, and say, that I have never since seen any one as beautiful as she by a long interval. My wife was singularly handsome at one time.¹ Mrs. Oxton, when I first saw her, was certainly beautiful. Lady Hainault, my namesake, as I reminded her once, was, and is, glorious ; but they none of them could ever have compared, for an instant, with that young lady in grey silk, who came and sat on the bench, under the Hillyar monument, opposite my sister and me, on that wild autumn afternoon.

She came in by the little side door which opens from the chancel on to the river. She sat down on the bench opposite me, beside a poor cracked old sempstress, whose devotions were disturbed every five minutes by her having to put down her prayer-book and hunt spiders, and old Smith the blind man, who used to say his responses in a surly, defiant tone of voice, as if every response was another item in a bill against heaven, which had already run too long, and ought to have been paid long ago.

But she sat down in this fantastic company, and seemed glad to rest. Mrs. Smith, the pew-opener, the blind man's wife, caught sight of a strange sail in the offing, bore down, and would

have brought her into a pew. But the strange lady said that she was tired, and would sit where she was.

There was a gentleman with her, by-the-bye. A tall gentleman, very pale, rather anxious-looking, without any hair on his face. He asked her, wasn't she afraid of the draught ? And she said, "No. Please, please dear, let me sit here. I want rest, dear. Do let me sit here." And when she said this two ideas came into my head. The first was that the beautiful lady was, for some reason, afraid of the pale, anxious gentleman ; and the second was that they were Americans, because—although they both spoke perfectly-good English, yet they seemed to have no hesitation about speaking out loud in church ; which they most decidedly did, and which, as I am informed now, the Americans, as a general rule, do not.

No Erne made his appearance. Emma and I sat on our accustomed bench, with the beautiful, weary lady opposite. The wind rattled at the old casements, and when the sermon began a storm of sleet came driving along from the westward, and made the atmosphere freezing cold. The strange beautiful lady seemed to cower under it, to draw herself together and to draw her shawl closer and closer around her, with a look almost of terror on her face. The poor lunatic woman, who sat beside her, put up her umbrella. The pew-opener saw her, and came up and fought her for it, with a view to making her put it down again. The cracked woman was very resolute, and Mrs. Smith was (as I think) unnecessarily violent, and between them they drove one of the points of the umbrella into Smith's eye ; which, as Smith was blind already, didn't matter much, but which caused him a deal of pain, and ended in shovings and recriminations between Mrs. Smith and the cracked woman. And the beautiful lady, in the middle of it all, finding no rest anywhere, came across wearily and feebly and sat beside Emma. She did not faint or make any scene ; but when I looked round soon after I saw her head on Emma's shoulder, and Emma's arm

¹ The Hon. Mrs. Burton presents her compliments to the Editor, and begs to inform him that this is the first she ever heard of it.

round her waist. She was very poorly, but the pale gentleman did not see it.

After service she took his arm, and while the people were crowding out of church I kept near them. I heard her say—

"I cannot stay to look at the monument to-day, dear; I am very tired."

"Well," said the gentleman, "the carriage won't be long. I told them to meet us here."

She stood actually cowering in the cold blast which swept off the river round the corner of the church. She crouched shuddering close to the pale man and said—

"What a dreadful country, love. Is it always like this in England? I shall die here I am afraid, and never see Aggy any more, and poor James will be so sorry. But I am quite brave and resolute, George. I would not change my lot with any woman," she continued rather more hastily; "only there is no sun here, and it is so very dark and ugly."

I was glad to hear him speak kindly to her and soothe her, for I could not help fancying that she would have been glad of a gentler companion. But I had little time to think of this, for Erne, coming quickly out the open gate of the churchyard, came up to them and said—

"Mr. George Hillyar?" I think.

George Hillyar bowed politely, and said, "Yes."

"We ought to know one another," said Erne, laughing; "in fact, I am your brother Erne."

I did not like the look of George Hillyar's face at all; he had an ugly scowl handy for any one who might require it, I could see. But Erne was attracted suddenly by his sister-in-law's beauty, and so he never saw it; by the time he looked into his brother's face again the scowl had passed away, and there was a look of pleased admiration instead. Poor Mrs. Hillyar seemed to brighten up at the sight of Erne. They stood talking together affectionately for a few minutes, and then the George Hillyars drove away, and left Erne and me standing together in the churchyard.

"What a handsome *distingué*-looking fellow," said Erne. "I know I shall like him."

I hoped their liking might be mutual, but had strong doubts on the point.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

SECRETARY OXTON was a wise and clever fellow, but he was liable to err, like the rest of us. Secretary Oxton was an affectionate, good-hearted, honourable man, a gentleman at all points, save one. He was clever and ambitious, and in the grand fight he had fought against the world, in the steady pluckily-fought battle, the object of which was to place him, a younger son, in a position equal to that of his elder brother, to found a new and wealthy branch of the Oxtan family, he had contracted a certain fault, from which his elder brother, probably from the absence of temptation, was free.

He had seen that wealth was the key to the position. He had seen early in the struggle, that a fool with wealth was often of more influence than a wise man without it. And so he had won wealth as a means to the end of power. But the gold had left a little of its dross upon him, and now he was apt to over-value it.

Acting on this error, he had put before him, as a great end, with regard to George and Gerty Hillyar, that George should go to England and win back his father's favour. His wife, good and clever as she was, was only, after all, a mirror to reflect her husband's stronger will; consequently there was no one to warn him of the folly he was committing, when he urged George so strongly to go to England—no one to tell him of the danger of allowing such a wild fierce hawk as George to get out of the range of his own influence; of the terrible peril he incurred on behalf of his beloved Gerty, by sending him far away from the gentle home atmosphere, which had begun to do its work upon him so very well, and throwing him headlong

among his old temptations, with no better guide than a silly little fairy of a wife.

He could not see all this in his blindness. He did not calculate on the amount of good which had been wrought in George's character by his wife's gentle influence and his own manly counsel. He was blinded by the money question. He did not see that it would be better for Gerty's sake, and for all their sakes, to keep Sir George Hillyar near him with two thousand a year, a busy, happy man, than to have him living in England without control, amongst all his old temptations. He could not bear the idea of that odd eight or nine thousand a year going out of the family. He had worked at money-getting so long that that consideration outweighed, nay, obscured every other.

And so he encouraged George to go to England. And, when the last grand forest cape was passed, and they were rushing on towards Cape Horn before the west wind, and the dear peaceful old land had died away on the horizon, and was as something which had never been; and when Gerty got penitent, and sea-sick, and tearful, and frightened, and yellow in the face, and everything but cross—then all the good influences of James and Agnes Oxton were needed, but were not at hand; and such mischief was done as would have made the Secretary curse his own folly if he could have seen it. And there was no one to stay the course of this mischief, but tearful silly sea-sick Gerty.

Poor little child of the sun! Poor little bush princess! brought up without a thought or a care on the warm hill-side at Neville's Gap, in the quiet house which stood half-way up the mountain, with a thousand feet of feathering woodland behind, and fifty miles of forest and plain before and below. Brought up in a quiet luxurious home, among birds and flowers and pet dogs; a poor little body, the cares in whose life were the arrivals of the pianoforte-tuner on his broken-kneed grey, supposed to be five hundred years old; who had, never met with but two adventures in her life

before marriage, the first of which she could barely remember, and the second when James and Aggy carried her off in a steamer to Sydney, and Aggy chaperoned her to the great ball at Government House, and she had wondered why the people stared at her so when she walked up the room following in Aggy's wake, as she sailed stately on before towards the presence, until she was told next morning that James had won 500*l.* on her beauty, for that Lady Gipps had pronounced her to be more beautiful than young Mrs. Buckley *née* Brentwood, of Garoopna, in Gipps-land.

But here was a change. This low sweeping grey sky, and the wild heaving cold grey sea, and then the horrible cliffs of bitter floating ice, at whose base the hungry sea leaped and alid up, gnawing caverns and crannies, yet pitifully smoothing away, with their ceaseless wash, a glacia, to which the finger of no drowning man might hope to clutch that he might prolong his misery. The sun seemed gone for ever, and as they made each degree of southing, Gerty got more shivering and more tearful, and seemed to shrink more and more into her wrappers and cloaks.

But all this had a very different effect on Mrs. Nalder. On that magnificent American woman it had a bracing effect; it put new roses into her face, and made her stand firmer on her marine continuations—had I been speaking about an English duchess I should have said her sea legs. She wasn't sick, not she; but Nalder was, and so it fell to George's lot to squire Mrs. Nalder, an employment he found to be so charming that he devoted himself to it. Mrs. Nalder got very fond of George, and told her husband so; whereupon Mr. Nalder replied that he was uncommon glad she had found some one to gallivant her round, for that he was darned if he rose out of that under forty south. And, when forty south came, and Gerty made her appearance on deck with Mrs. Nalder, she found that dreadful Yankee woman calling George about here and there, as if he belonged to her. Gerty got instantly

jealous, although Mrs. Nalder was kind and gentle to her, and would have been a sister to her. Gerty repulsed her. Mrs. Nalder wondered why. The idea of anybody being sufficiently insane to be jealous of her never entered into her honest head. She asked her husband, who didn't know, but said that Ostrel-lyan gells were, as a jennle rule, whimsical young cusses.

No. Gerty would have nothing to do with the kind-hearted American woman, for she was bitterly jealous of her. And Mr. Nalder frightened her, that honest tradesman, with his way of prefacing half his remarks by saying "Je-hoshaphat," which frightened her out of her wits for what was coming. His way of thwacking down his right or left bower at euvre, his calling the trump card the deck-head, his way of eating with his knife, and his reckless noisy *bonhomme*, were all alike, I am sorry to say, disgusting to her; nothing he could do was right; and, after all, Nalder was a good fellow. George got angry with her about her treatment of these people, and scolded her; and he could not scold by halves; he terrified her so that he saw he must never do it again. He put a strong restraint on himself; to do the man justice, he did that; and was as tender and gentle with her as he could be for a time. But his features had been too much accustomed to reflect violent passion to make it possible for him to act his part at all times. Her dull fearful submission irritated him, and there came times when that irritation, unexpressed in words and actions, would show itself too faithfully in his face; and so that look of pitiable terror which had come into Gerty's great eyes the first time he had sworn at her, that restless shifting of the pupil from side to side, accompanied by a spasmodic quivering of the eyelids, never, never wholly passed away any more. "That he could have cursed her, that he could have snarled at her, and cursed her. It was too horrible. Could James have been right? And Neville's Gap so many thousand miles away, and getting further with every bound of the ship!"

George saw all this, and it made him mad. He found out now that he had got a great deal fonder of beautiful Mrs. Nalder than he had any right to be, and after a week's penitential attention to Gerty he went over to Mrs. Nalder, and begun the *petits soins* business with her once more. But, unluckily for him, Mrs. Nalder had found him out. George, poor fool, thought that the American woman's coolness towards him arose from jealousy at his having returned to his wife. He found his mistake. The brave Illinois woman met him with a storm of indignation, and rated him about his treatment of his wife. She had no tact, or she would not have done so, for she only made matters worse.

Of all the foolish things which James Oxtan ever did, this was the worst: sending these two out of the range of his own and his wife's influence.

Gerty revived a little in the tropics. The sun warmed her into something like her old self. But all Mrs. Nalder's kindness failed to win her over. She suspected her and was jealous of her; and, besides, the great handsome woman of the Western prairies was offensive to the poor little robin of a creature. She was coarse and loud, and her hands were large, and she was so *strong*. She couldn't even make Gerty comfortable on a bench without hurting her. And, besides, Gerty could see through all this affected attention which she showed her. Gerty, like most silly women, thought herself vastly clever. Mrs. Nalder was a most artful and dangerous woman. All this assumed affection might blind her poor husband, but could never blind her.

But the good ship rolled and blundered on, until it grew to be forty north, instead of forty south, and the sunny belt was passed once more, and Gerty began to pine and droop again. George would land at Dover; and he landed in a steamer which came alongside. And the last of the old ship was this—that all the crew and the passengers stood round looking at her. And Mrs. Nalder came up and kissed her, and said, very quietly, "My dear, we may never

meet again, but, when we do, you will know me better than you do now." Then Gerty broke into tears, and asked Mrs. Nalder to forgive her, and Mrs. Nalder, that coarse and vulgar person, called her a darling little sunbeam, and wept too, after the Chicago style (and when they do things at Chicago, mind you, they do 'em with a will). Then Gerty was on the deck of the little steamer, and, while she was wondering through her tears why the sides of the ship looked so very high, there came from the deck a sound like a number of glass bells ringing together and ceasing at once; then the sound came again, louder and clearer; and as it came the third time, George raised her arm, and said—"Wave your handkerchief, Gerty; quick, don't you hear them cheering you?"

And, directly afterwards, they stood on the slippery, slimy boards of the pier at Dover, on the dull English winter day; and she looked round at the chalk cliffs, whose crests were shrouded in mist, and at the muddy street, and the dark coloured houses, and she said, "Oh, dear, dear me. Is this, this England, George? What a nasty, cold, ugly, dirty place it is."

CHAPTER XXV.

GERTY'S FIRST INNINGS.

A VERY few days before Sir George Hillyar received the note which told him of his son's arrival in England, he happened to be out shooting alone, and his keeper saw that he was very anxious and absent, and shot very badly indeed. He conceived that it was Sir George's anxiety about his son's arrival, and thought little about it; but, as the day went on, it became evident that Sir George wanted to broach some subject, and had a hesitation in doing so.

At last he said—"What state are the boats in, Morton?"

"They are in very good repair, Sir George."

"I think I shall have them painted."

"They were painted last week, Sir George."

"I shall get new cars for them, I fancy."

"The new cars, which you ordered while staying at Kew, came home last Thursday, Sir George."

"H'm. Hey. Then there is no work for a waterman about the lake, is there?"

"None whatever, Sir George."

"Morton, you are a fool. If I had not more tact than you I would hang myself before I went to bed."

"Yes, Sir George."

"Send for the young waterman that we had at Kew, and find him some work about the boats for a few days."

"Yes, Sir George."

"You know whom I mean?"

"No, Sir George."

"Then why the devil did you say you did?"

"I did not, Sir George."

"Then you contradict me?"

"I hope I know my place better, Sir George. But I never did say I knew who you mean, for I don't; in consequence I couldn't have said I did. Maark! caawk! Awd drat this jawing in cover, Sir George! Do hold your tongue till we're out on the heth agin. How often am I to tell you on it?"

So he did. At the next pause in the sport old Morton said, "Now, Sir George, what do you want done?"

"I want that young man, Reuben Burton, whom we had at Kew, fetched over. I want you to make an excuse for his coming to mend the boats. That's what I want."

"Then why couldn't you have said so at once?" said old Morton to his face.

"Because I didn't choose. If you get so impudent, Morton, I shall be seriously angry with you."

"Ah! I'll chance all that," said Morton to himself; "you're easy enough managed by those as knows you. I wonder why he has taken such a fancy to this young scamp. I wonder if he knows he is Sam Burton's son. I suspect he do."

But old Morton said nothing more, and Reuben was sent for to Stanlake.

Sir George was going out shooting again when Reuben came. The old butler told him that the young waterman was come, and Sir George told him that he must wait; but, when Sir George came out, he had got a smile on his face ready to meet the merry young rascal who had amused him so much.

"Hallo! you fellow," he began, laughing; but he stopped suddenly, for the moment he looked at Reuben Burton he saw that there was a great change in him. Reuben had lost all his old vivacity, and had a painfully worn, eager look on his face.

"Why, how the lad is changed!" said Sir George. "You have been falling in love, you young monkey. Go and see to those boats, and put them in order."

Reuben went wearily to work; there was really nothing to do. Sir George merely had him over to gratify a fancy for seeing him again. It may have been that he was disappointed in finding the merry slangy lad he had got to like looking so old and anxious, or it may have been that his nervous anxiety for the approaching interview with his son put Reuben out of his head; but, however it was, Sir George never went near Reuben after the first time he had looked at him, and had seen the change in him. No one will ever know now what was working in Sir George's heart towards Reuben Burton. The absence of all inquiries on his part as to who Reuben was decidedly favours James Burton the elder's notion, that Sir George guessed he was the son of Samuel Burton, and that he did not, having conceived a strange affection for the lad, wish to push his inquiries too far. It may have been this, or it may have been merely an old man's fancy; but even now, when he seemed to have passed the lad by himself, he made Erne go and see him every morning.

"Erne," he said, "that boy is in trouble. In secret trouble. Find his secret out, my child, and let us help him."

But kind and gentle Erne couldn't

do that. Reuben went as far as telling him that he was in trouble; but also told him that he could say nothing more, for the sake of others.

"I say, old Rube," said Erne, as he sat lolling against the side of a boat which Reuben was mending, "I have found out the whole of the business from beginning to end."

"Have you, sir?" said Reuben, with a ghost of a smile. "I am glad of it."

"You have been getting into bad company," said Erne.

"Very bad," said Reuben.

"And you are innocent yourself?"

"Yes," said Reuben. "Come. I couldn't say as much to every one, Master Erne; but I know, when I say a thing to you, that it won't go any further. Therefore I confide this to your honour, for if you betray me I am lost. I am innocent."

Erne laughed. "That is something like your old familiar nonsense, Reuben. Tell me all about it."

"It would be awkward for you if I did, sir."

"Well! well!" said Erne. "I believe in you, anyway. I say, does Emma know about it?"

"God bless you, no," said Reuben. "Don't tell her nothing, for God's sake, Master Erne."

"You haven't told me anything, Reuben; so how could I tell her?"

"I mean, don't let her know that Sir George noticed how I was altered. I should like her to think the best of me to the last. If trouble comes, the bitterest part of it will be the being disgraced before her. Don't say anything to her."

"Why should I be likely to?" said Erne.

"Why," said Reuben, "I mean, when you and she was sitting together all alone, courting, that you might say this and that, and not put me in the best light. Lord love you, master, I know all about that courting business. When the arm is round the waist the tongue won't keep between the teeth."

"But I am not courting Emma," said Erne. "At least—"

"At least or at most, master, you love the ground she walks on. Never mind what your opinion about your own state of mind is. Only be honourable to her. And, when the great smash comes, keep them in mind of me."

"Keep who in mind?" said Erne.

"Jim and Emma. Help 'em to remember me. I should be glad to think that you three thought of me while I was there."

"While you are where?" said Erne, in a very low voice.

"In Coldbath Fields, master," said Reuben. "Now YOU'VE got it."

One need not say that Erne was distressed by the way in which Reuben spoke of himself. He was very sorry for Reuben, and was prepared to die for him; but—

He was seventeen, and Reuben had accused him of his first love. Poor Reuben, by a few wild words, had let a flood of light in on to his boy's heart. Reuben was the first who had told him that he was in love. One has, in chemistry, seen a glass jar full of crystal clear liquid, clear as water, yet so saturated with some salt that the touch of any clumsy hand, will send the spiculae quivering through it in every direction, and prove to the sense of sight that the salt, but half believed in before, is there in overpowering quantities. So Reuben's words crystallized Erne's love; and he denied it to himself no longer. And in this great gush of unutterable happiness poor Reuben's trouble and disgrace were only a mere incident—a tragical incident, which would be a new bond in their love.

So Erne, leaving poor Reuben tinkering at the boats, walked on air. He had determined, as he walked through the wood, that the first thing he would do would be to go off to Chelsea—to get Jim Burton, the blacksmith's eldest son (with whom you have already some acquaintance), and to tell him all about it; when, walking through the wood, he met his father.

"Have you been to see that young waterman, Erne?" said his father.

"I have," said Erne. "We ought to be kind to that fellow, dad. He is in trouble, and is innocent."

"I think he is," said Sir George. "I have a great fancy for that fellow. I know what is the matter with him."

"Do you?" said Erne. "I don't."

"Why, it's about this Eliza Burton," said Sir George, looking straight at him; "that's what is the matter."

"You don't happen to mean Emma Burton, do you?" said Erne.

"Emma or Eliza, or something of that sort," said Sir George. He is in love with her, and she is playing the fool with some one else."

"He is not in love with her, and she has been playing the fool with nobody," said Erne.

"So you think," said Sir George; "I, however, happen to know the world, and, from the familiarities which you have confessed to me, as passing between this girl and yourself, I am of a different opinion. I have allowed you to choose what company you wished for above a year; I have been rewarded by your full confidence, and, from what you told me about this girl, I believe her to be an artful and dangerous young minx."

"Don't talk in that light way about your future daughter-in-law; I am going to marry that girl. I am seventeen, and in three years I shall marry her."

"How dare you talk such nonsense? Suppose, sir, that I was to alter—I mean, to stop your allowance, sir, hey?"

"Then the most gentlemanly plan would be to give me notice. Her father will teach me his trade."

"You are impertinent, undutiful, and, what is worse, a fool——"

"And all that sort of thing," said Erne. "Having fired your broadside of five-and-forty sixty-eight pounders, perhaps you will let off your big swivel gun on deck. I tell you I am going to marry Emma Burton."

"You know, you undutiful and wicked boy, all the consequences of a *mésalliance*——"

"That's the big gun, hey?" said Erne. "Why, yes; your *mésalliance*

with my mother having been dinned into my ears ever since I was five, as the happiest match ever made, I do know ; you have put your foot in it there. A blacksmith's daughter is as good as a gamekeeper's, any day."

"Her relations, sir ! Her relations !"

"My Uncle Bob, sir ! My Uncle Bob !"

Old Compton the lawyer had warned Erne, on one previous occasion, against what he called "hard hitting." But Erne, as Reuben would have said, could never keep his tongue between his teeth. His Uncle Bob was a very sore subject. His Uncle Bob had not borne the rise in circumstances consequent on his sister becoming Lady Hillyar with that equanimity which is the characteristic of great minds. The instant he heard of the honour in store for him, he got drunk, and had remained so, with slight lucid intervals ever since—a period of eighteen years. Having the constitution of a horse, and the temper of his sister, he had survived hitherto, and was quoted from one doctor to another as the most remarkable instance ever known of the habitual use of stimulants. They used to give clinical lectures on him, and at last made him uncommonly proud of his performances. Such, combined with a facility for incurring personal liabilities, which was by no means impaired by his intemperate habits, were some of the characteristics of Uncle Bob, now triumphantly thrown in Sir George's face by Erne.

He was very angry. He said that such an allusion as that, on Erne's part, revealed to him such an abyss of moral squalor beneath the surface as he was not prepared for in the case of one so young.

"Now, mark me, sir. Once for all. I do not oppose your fancy for this girl. I encourage it. You distinctly understand that once for all. Your brother dines here to-day."

"So I hear," said Erne, seeing it would not do to go on with any more nonsense.

"I hope sincerely that you and your brother will remain friends. I do not

purpose your seeing much of him. His wife has, I hear, some claims to beauty."

"She is the sweetest little rosebud you ever saw in your life."

"Where have you seen her ? I know you didn't go to seek them, because you promised me you would not."

"I did not, indeed. I guessed who they were from a few words they said in church, and, as I came out, I introduced myself."

"Where were you ? At what church ?"

"At the old church, Chelsea."

"What a singular thing. Is Compton come ?"

It was with intense eagerness that Mr. Compton, knowing what he knew, watched the face of father and son, when they met after so many years estrangement. He knew perfectly how much, how very much, each of them had to forgive the other ; and he knew, moreover, that neither of them had the least intention of forgiveness. He guessed that George had come over to try to win back his father's good graces with the assistance of his wife ; but he knew far too much to hope much from her assistance. One thing he knew, which others only guessed, that Sir George Hillyar had made a will, leaving Erne eight thousand a year. This was the paper, which (if your memory will carry you back so many months) he had exhibited such an anxiety to take to his office, but which Sir George insisted on keeping in his old escritoire.

He was in the library, and Sir George was out when he heard them drive up. He knew that there was no one to receive them, and saw from that that their reception was to be formal. He did not hurry at his dressing, for he was in some small hopes that George and his wife might have a short time, were it only a minute, together alone with Sir George, and that either of them might show some gleam of affection towards the other, which might bring on a better state of things than the cold, cruel course of formality which Sir George had evidently planned.

"It will be a bad job for Erne, possibly," said the old man. "But my

young friend must take his chance. I won't stand between father and son, even for him."

When he came into the drawing-room he found Erne and his father dressed and waiting. They were standing together at the very end of the third drawing-room, before the fire, and Sir George was talking to Erne about one of the horses. When he joined them, a question was put to him on the subject; and they went on discussing it. There was not the smallest sign of anxiety or haste about Sir George's manner.

He had not been talking with Erne many minutes, when the door by which he had entered, which was at the very farthest end of the three rooms, was opened again; and Mr. and Mrs. George Hillyar came in, and began making their way through the vast archipelago of grand furniture which lay between the opposing parties. Sir George took out his watch, clicked it open, and told Erne to ring the bell and order dinner.

The three rooms were well lighted up, and, great as the distance was, old Compton saw in one instant that Mrs. George was very beautiful. And, as she came steadily and quietly towards them, dressed in a cloud of white, he saw at every step she took that she was more beautiful still — the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Sir George trod three steps forward, and said, "How d'ye do, George? I am glad to see you. And how do *you* do, my dear daughter-in-law? I am afraid you must find this country very cold after Australia."

Old Compton watched the father and the son as their eyes met. Neither of them moved a muscle. George *was* very *distinguishé*-looking; there was no doubt about that. Nay, more, he was in a way very handsome. His features had not lost their regularity, in spite of all his dissipation. "He is wonderfully true-bred," thought old Compton. "Half wild cat like his mother, and half bull-terrier like his father. His chance aint worth twopence. The will in the escritoire is the will. No new job for me."

The old man was right. There was no mistake about George's paternity to any such close observer as old Compton, though a stranger might have thought that there was no resemblance between them — no resemblance whatever between the thickset figure, the sleek bullet stupid grey-head, the square gladiator features, and the clear brown red complexion of Sir George; and the slender lithe frame, the more refined features, and the pale complexion of his son. In these respects there was *no* resemblance. George's physique was that of his wild, fierce gipsy-looking mother. But he had, in common with his father, a queer contemptuous trick of eye and mouth, which showed a close observer whose son he was in a moment. Old Compton saw it in both their faces, when their eyes met. If you had told him that those eager, fierce women, through the very force of their nature, as a rule reproduced some eighty per cent. of their own characteristics in their sons, but that a quiet and gentle wife would sometimes produce an almost actual facsimile of the father, in this case the old man would have rather pooh-poohed you. But, once begin to talk to the old lawyer about the breeding of racehorses, a matter he was well up in, and he would soon have showed you that trainers and stud-grooms now and then made fortunes by following, among horses, rules of breeding *practically* treated as being ridiculous among human beings.

Mrs. George Hillyar, in reply to her father-in-law, said that she *did* find it cold. That she liked getting near the fire best, for it warmed her. And then she asked Sir George whether he hadn't got a glasshouse full of flowers in full bloom, and whether he would show them to her to-morrow.

Her powers of conversation were not large, evidently. George was very angry at what he was pleased to call to himself her hopeless silliness. Yet the highest tact could not have done more, for Sir George, as he took her into dinner, said, "I am afraid you are an innocent little babe in the wood, Gertrude."

"Yes," she said, "and I am so

terribly afraid of you. Don't scold me. I am not near so silly when I am not scolded."

"My poor little redbreast," said Sir George. "Who do you think would be likely to scold *you*? You may depend on it that I will not. You must trust me and get fond of me, my child. George, will you take the end of the table, if you don't mind sitting with your back to the fire. Get Mr. Hillyar a screen, Simpson. You'll be hotter than you were in Australia, George. You are sure you don't mind."

George, who didn't want for a certain unregulated sort of humour, looked at his father, and said quietly, "that he had not found himself in so comfortable a position for many a year;" which made the old man laugh not ill-humouredly.

Old Compton talked loudly to Erne and George, and raised a wall of sound before Gerty and Sir George. He was anxious for her to see what she could do; he was all for fair play. Erne saw what he wanted, and nobly assisted him, so that the other two were perfectly isolated. Gerty had some dim idea that she was to make herself agreeable to her father-in-law, and she began her little game. As thus—

"I don't think you at all odious now. I am sure, if they all of them saw more of you, they would not call you an odious tyrant."

"I am sure they wouldn't," said Sir George, who, though he might be cruel and unjust to his son, was so much of a gentleman that he was in a state of chivalrous terror lest he should lead the beautiful little idiot into committing any one. He said—

"Do you think you shall like England, my love?"

"I don't like it now," said Gerty. "I always want to be near the fire. When I get cold I cry, and that makes George cross."

"You will like it better in the summer, my love."

"I don't know whether we shall be here in the summer or not. Aggy said it would be no use for George to stay dawdling here, away from his work, if you weren't going to do something for

him, or, at all events, to define his prospects. Therefore, I suppose, as soon as I am confined, and well enough to move, we shall go back again, unless you do something decided for us. George says you will see him hanged first; but I don't think that. I don't think so badly of you as I did. Are these pink cups ice-cream? I wonder whether I dare eat some. I have never seen iced cream before in my life. Perhaps I had better not; it might make me cry."

And so she went on, twittering like one of her own zebra parakeets. But, in spite of her utter simplicity, Sir George did what every one else, young or old, rich or poor, did, who came near her; that is to say, he fell in love with her.

The other three got on amazingly well. Erne was as difficult to resist in his way as Gerty in hers. They were to go shooting on the morrow, and George, with the assistance of the other two, was refreshing his memory on the localities. They got on very well, indeed, and George became quite affectionate with Erne. They had been talking about a certain larch belt, as containing game, and old Compton had said—

"Confound the game. If you will take my advice, Mr. Hillyar, you will have it down, and let the sun in."

"Then I *am* to have Stanlake, at all events," thought George, flushing. "There is two thousand a year any way."

So the George Hillyars stayed at Stanlake, and Erne and George shot and hunted, and played billiards together, and Gerty sat crouched over the fire, and saw the sunny woods and crags of Neville's Gap among the burning coals. And day by day George saw Erne petted, caressed, and consulted, while he himself was treated with a calm politeness which was infinitely exasperating. Each day he began to see more clearly that a very large portion of the property was lost to him, and every day, alas! his dislike and jealousy towards Erne grew stronger and stronger.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY : JAMES AND HIS
SISTER FALL OUT.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR sent for Reuben to go to Stanlake and see after some waterman's work. And I was very glad of it; for anything, I argued, which took Reuben away from the bad company with which he seemed to be so suddenly and mysteriously involved, must be for the better.

He came down, as he went, to leave the key of his room with my father. Erne had come over to see us : to see Emma, indeed. *I began* to see that much, and was talking with her in the window. They turned and came towards us again when Reuben came in, and so we four were together once more, for the last time for a long while.

Reuben came whistling in, nodded a good-bye to all of us, and said to Erne, "I shall see you to-morrow, sir, I dare say," and sauntered out.

"Say a kind word to him for us," said Emma; "go to him sometimes at Stanlake, and cheer him up a little. He can't reward you for any kindness, but I will answer for him that he is grateful."

Erne promised, and very shortly after Joe came clumping in, all radiant.

"Jim," he said, "Jim! Here, such a jolly lark on. I mean," he said, getting rather red, and looking at Erne, laughing, "that I anticipate considerable entertainment."

"What's up?" I asked, simply; for it was no use trying to get fine words out of me at that time without considerable preparation.

"Why," he said, "they are going to have the *Harvest Home* at the Victoria to-night, with Wright and O. Smith from the Adelphi. Come on, let's go."

"Of course," I said; or we should no more have thought of missing such a dainty treat as that in those times than of losing our dinner. "But we had better go early. We had a terrible fight for a place last time, remember, and you lost all your oranges, and a cotton

handkerchief worth three halfpence, and that sort of thing makes the amusement come dear."

"I say," said Erne, suddenly; "I'll tell you what; *I'll go*. I've never been to the play in my life."

Joe and I were delighted at the idea. "But," I said, "you can't come dressed like that; you'd have to fight in a minute."

"Lend me some of your clothes and a cap," said Erne. "This is the greatest lark I ever knew. What do you think, Emma; hey?"

"I was wondering what Sir George would say if he knew where you were going, and how!"

"There is no need he should," said Erne.

"I should have thought there was," she replied, quietly. "Pray don't do anything so insane."

"There can't be any harm in it," said Erne.

"I should have said," replied Emma, "that there was the very greatest harm in a young gentleman dressing himself like a blacksmith, and going to the gallery of the Victoria Theatre. I confess I should think so. More particularly when that young gentleman has been so generously trusted by his father to associate with people so far below him in rank. I don't know why that young gentleman's father has shown such blind trust in him. It may be because he has such full and perfect confidence in him, or it may be that his great love for him has made him foolish. Whichever way it is, for that young gentleman to abuse his father's confidence so utterly as to go masquerading in a dress which he has no right to wear, in the lowest parts of the town, with two common lads, is a degree of meanness which I don't expect at all."

As she said this I saw Joe's magnificent, Byron-like head turned in anger upon her, and I saw a wild, indignant flush rise upon his face, and go reddening up to the roots of his close, curling hair; I saw it rise, and then I saw it die away, as Joe limped towards her, and kissed her. Whether she had

seen it, or not, it was hard to say, but she had guessed it would be there: she put her arm round his neck, and then drew his face against hers, saying,

"Ask my brother Joe, here, what he thinks."

"He thinks as you do, and so do I," said Erne, quietly. "If you were always by me I should never do wrong."

"Ask Jim what he thinks about it," said Emma, laughing. "Ask that great stupid, dear old Jim, how he would like to see his noble hero, with a greasy old cap on, sucking oranges in the gallery of the theatre in the New Cut. Look how he stands there, like a stupid old ox. But I know who is the best of us four, nevertheless."

The "stupid old ox—" that is to say, the Honourable James Burton, who is now addressing you—had thrown his leather apron over his left shoulder, and was scratching his head. I am afraid that I did look very like a stupid ox. But think that, if you had taken the cobwebs out of my brain, and wound them off on a card, you would have found that I was making a feeble effort to try to think that my brother and sister were two rather heroic and noble persons. After all, I only fancy that I remember that I was trying to think that I thought so. I am no fool, but that fierce flush on Joe's face had confused and frightened me. I saw very great danger. I had not seen that look there for a long time.

Erne gave up his project, and soon went away in the best of humours; Joe went to his school; and I was left alone with Emma.

Though I still had my apron over my shoulder, and might, for all I can remember, have still been scratching my head, yet still all the cobwebs in my brain were drawn out into one strong thread, stronger than silk, and I knew what to say and what to do. I turned on Emma.

"You were perfectly right," I said, "in stopping him going. You were right in every word you said to him; but you had no right to speak of Joe and myself as you did."

She folded her hands, sweet saint, as if in prayer, and took it all so quietly.

"It was not good to speak of your brother so," I went on, with heightened voice and an angry face. "You may speak as you please of me, but, if you speak in that way of Joe, before his face, you will raise the devil in him, and there will be mischief. You should measure your words. Let me never hear that sort of thing again."

I was right in every word I said to her. And yet I would give all my great wealth, my title, everything I have, except my wife and children, to unsay those words again. Oh, you who use hard words, however true they may be, when will you be persuaded that every hard, cold word you use is one stone on a great pyramid of useless remorse?

How did she answer me? She ran to me and nestled her noble head against my bosom, and called me her own sweet brother, and begged me not to scold her, for that she loved him, loved him, loved him. That Erne's name was written on her heart; but that he should never, never know it on this side of the grave; for she would devote herself to Joe, and be his sister and friend to death; and that she was so sorry for what she had said.

What could I do? What I did, I suppose. Soothe her, quiet her, and tell her I had been in the wrong (which was not altogether true). That is what I did, however; and so I had said the first and last harsh word to her. It cannot be recalled, but there is some comfort in thinking that it was the first and the last.

To be continued.

SUBSCRIPTION NO SECURITY.

IN the discussions that have taken place respecting the Subscriptions and Declarations imposed upon all clergymen, and at Oxford on all candidates for the higher degrees, lay or clerical, two distinct things have been more or less confounded—the Formularies to which Subscription is required, and the requirement of Subscription. It is easy to dispense with the requirement, and to leave the Formularies untouched. The truth of the Formularies is one thing, the expediency of requiring Subscription to them is another.

The petition, which was signed last year by 106 members of the University of Oxford, all of whom were, or had been, Professors or Tutors and Fellows, asked for the abolition of Subscription as a test for Academical Degrees, but disclaimed all intention of interfering with the theological teaching of the University, and expressed a desire to preserve the religious character of academical education. The letter of Dean Stanley advocated a relaxation of the present Subscriptions and Declarations imposed upon the clergy, but left altogether untouched the question of revising the Formularies.

The distinction here insisted on is very lucidly expressed in a passage from the *Life and Times of Bishop Burnet*. The Bishop proposed to *leave the Articles as the Law of the Church, but not to require any person to bind himself beforehand by a Subscription*. "Churches and Societies," he says, "are better governed by laws than by Subscriptions; it is a more reverent, as well as a more easy mode of government." No one doubts the proposition in regard to society in general, or in regard to particular societies, save those which are concerned with theological opinion. No society requires teachers of Natural Science to subscribe to Articles embodying the doctrines of gravitation, of the reflection and refraction of light, and so forth. Judges and Magistrates are bound

to administer the law of the realm, and are subject to penalties for wilful maladministration; but no one ever proposed that a provision should be added to the statute-book requiring Judges and Magistrates to subscribe a set of Articles comprising the leading principles of the law. The Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons require no subscription to medical Articles from their members. Even clergymen are not called on to make a profession of faith with respect to the principles of morality.

It is reasonable to ask why ecclesiastical bodies exact Declarations or Subscriptions from persons invested with authority in the Church, while other societies find it unnecessary to take such precautions.

Waiving this inquiry for the present, we will simply say that the *avowed* purpose of Confessions and Subscriptions is to prevent discord and promote agreement. The Convocation, which settled the Articles, says that they were designed "for the avoiding diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion." History shows that the political object of those who imposed Subscription was, first, to expel from the Church ecclesiastics who held what were judged erroneous opinions; and, secondly, to prevent those who remained in the Church from holding such opinions. It is alleged that these ends can only be gained in one of two ways—either by exacting promises and taking engagements beforehand, or by penalties enforced in a Court of Heresy. We now propose to inquire whether, in fact, the peace and harmony desired have been secured by Subscriptions; and whether ecclesiastical authorities have, by Subscriptions, been enabled to dispense with constraints and penalties.

To clear the way, it will be useful to have before us a brief account of the imposition of the various Subscriptions and Declarations required in the Church of England.

Elaborate Confessions of Faith took their origin in Germany after the Reformation. "The common-place and 'shallow argument,'" says Dr. Pusey, in his account of German Theology, "drawn from the variations of the evangelical statements of doctrine against 'the truth of their system . . . was met [by the Reformers] not by the 'easy task of retort upon the Romish Church, nor by the obvious principle 'that all human discoveries of truth 'must . . . be effected by the slow and 'toilsome passage through error, nor 'by showing that these discrepancies in 'collateral points . . . were consistent 'with the truth and harmony of the 'general system, but by drawing still 'closer the limits of the Church's pale, 'and by excluding as heretics all who 'departed from the strictest letter of 'the symbol." And then he goes on to describe vividly "the unhappy, un- 'practical, and frequently presumptuous 'polemics," which arose from a pertinacious resolution to exclude every conceivable deviation from uniformity of creed, and to require Subscriptions, Declarations, and Oaths, as a means of enforcing unity. We, in England, went more cautiously to work. Articles of Faith, forty-two in number, had been drawn up in the last part of the reign of Edward VI. They were revised in the early times of Elizabeth by the Convocation, and reduced to the present form; yet for some years they were not employed as a test. It would, indeed, have been dangerous to enforce Subscription. The greater number of the Articles were levelled against the old religion; and, in the early days of Elizabeth, it was calculated by Cecil that the Catholics formed two-thirds of the whole population of England. Some few were directed against the new Puritanic party, which looked to Geneva for guidance; and this party was rapidly increasing in influence and numbers. Elizabeth herself was disposed to temporize; her inclinations led her to the Roman, rather than to the Puritan, opinions, in all points that did not touch the supremacy. In vain, she was solicited by the Reforming Divines; in vain, she

was twitted by the Spanish Ambassador as to the variations of the Protestants in regard to matters of Faith;—"he 'should like to know what the religion 'was to be; so far as he could hear, 'there were as many opinions in 'England as in Germany."¹ She remained firm to her conciliating policy. In 1566, the Puritan majority in the Commons sent up a Bill to enforce Subscription on all preachers; but the Queen quietly interfered and stopped the Bill. At the close of the Session, the Speaker took credit for the attempt; but Lord Keeper Bacon (specially instructed by Her Majesty) told the Commons roundly that "in the Bill of Religion, 'with which they meant to tyrannize over 'consciences, they deserved reproof."²

But the course of events rapidly weakened the Catholic party, and gave corresponding strength to their opponents. The vacillation of Philip, caused by natural temperament, by jealousy of France, by distance from the scene of action, and by determination to pull all the wires with his own hand, virtually deprived the Catholics of his support. The miserable fall of the Queen of Scots blasted their hopes for the future. The moderation of Elizabeth herself inclined them to maintain their allegiance. Lastly, the insurrections and conspiracies in favour of Mary, and the Bill of Excommunication launched by Pius V., compelled Elizabeth more and more to take part with the enemies of Rome. She at length consented to the Act of 1571, by which all benefited clergy were obliged to sign the Articles, with a provision intended to exempt the Puritans from subscribing to those few which laid down principles relating to Episcopacy and civil supremacy which were repugnant to the tenets of Geneva.

The rule thus established for the clergy was, a few years later, extended to the University of Oxford. Leicester, who, when he thought the Catholic interest strong enough to assist his ambitious schemes, had offered to accompany English Bishops to the Council of Trent,³

¹ Froude, vol. vii. p. 82, cf. 66.

² Froude, vol. viii. pp. 328 sqq., 337.

³ Froude, vol. vii. p. 328.

had now become leader of the Puritan party. He had been elected Chancellor of Oxford. In 1580 he addressed Letters to the University, which required them to ordain that all Academic Preachers should subscribe; and in the following year the requirement was extended to all Graduates and to all Undergraduates above a certain age.

Subscription to the Articles, however, was not found sufficient. Archbishop Whitgift perceived that these tests were not calculated to exclude the Puritan party from the Church. He, therefore, exacted from all clergymen a subscription to the three Articles afterwards embodied in the Thirty-sixth Canon, and thus bound them, first, to recognise the Royal Supremacy; secondly, to express their readiness to use all the offices of the Liturgy; thirdly, to assent to the doctrines contained in the Thirty-nine Articles. The Canon itself was not passed by Convocation till some twenty years later. And in 1616, King James sent letters both to Oxford and Cambridge, requiring them to adopt this additional test for all the higher Graduates. This order was obeyed.

It only remains to notice the well-known Uniformity Act of Charles II., by which all beneficed clergy, as well as all heads and fellows of colleges, professors, lecturers, and tutors, are required to declare their "unfeigned assent and consent to all and every" thing contained and prescribed in and "by the Book of Common Prayer."

It appears, then, that the same reasons which determined Parliament to exact subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles from the clergy, determined the Chancellor of Oxford to exact this subscription from all academics, lay and clerical, at every stage of their career; that the same reasons which led Whitgift and the clerical Convocation to require subscription to the three Articles from the clergy, induced James I. to require this subscription from all candidates for the higher degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, both lay and clerical, although (as has been often pointed out) the second of these Articles refers to the use of the

liturgy and administration of the sacraments, and, therefore, can only concern the clergy; and, lastly, that the same reasons which induced the parliament of Charles II. to enforce the Declaration of the Act of Uniformity on all beneficed clergy, induced them to impose the same Declaration on all persons, lay and clerical, holding any beneficial place in the Universities.

It is plain, therefore, that it was intended to treat the Universities as ecclesiastical bodies.

Bearing these facts in mind, we now return to our question, and ask how far the purposes of those who imposed these multiplied tests were answered?

I. The first purpose was, as has been said, to expel dissentients, especially Crypto-Catholics, from the Church of England. At the accession of Elizabeth, the whole body of the clergy was attached to the old religion. Yet, even the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, though they involved repudiation of Papal jurisdiction, were not refused by any large number of the clergy. According to the report of the visitors, about 200 out of 9,400 beneficed clergy refused these oaths and lost their benefices. The enforcement of subscription to the Articles, thirteen years later, seems to have produced little result. "*Several ministers*," says Strype, were deprived for refusing to subscribe. Nor, again, does the test of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles appear to have purged the Church of Puritans; nay, even the three Articles of the thirty-sixth canon seem to have been accepted without much demur. This state of things presents a striking contrast to the effects produced by the stringent Declaration of the Act of Uniformity, together with the requirements of Episcopal ordination for all the Presbyterian clergy. Every one knows the story of Bartholomew's day, 1662, when about 2,000 beneficed clergymen of that persuasion resigned their benefices rather than conform.

With these facts may be instructively compared the history of the Comprehension Bill of 1689, as it has been

told by Lord Macaulay. By that Bill it was proposed to substitute for Subscription to the Articles a Declaration from clerics and academics that they approved of the doctrine, worship, and government of the Church of England, and would preach and practice according thereunto; and, further, to enable ministers to dispense, *conscientiæ causâ*, with certain forms in the Church services. The objections raised to the Bill in the House of Lords related, so far as appears, wholly to the latter provisions. "It does not appear," says the historian, "that . . . a single high churchman raised his voice against the clause which relieved the clergy from the necessity of subscribing the Articles. . . . Nay, the Declaration which, in the original draught, was substituted for the Articles, was much softened down on the report. As the clause finally stood, the ministers of the Church were required to declare, not that they approved of her constitution, but merely that they submitted to it."

The inevitable conclusion is that it was not subscription to the Articles, but questions half ecclesiastical, half political,—questions regarding Church government and Church ritual, Royal supremacy and Episcopal ordination, which had the effect of expelling from the Church those who dissented from her principles. All inquiry confirms the remark of Lord Macaulay, that "the easy manner in which the zealous friends of the Church gave up her confession of faith presents a striking contrast to the spirit with which they struggled for her polity and ritual."

II. If, then, Subscription had little effect in expelling those whom the rulers of the Church wished to expel, let us inquire, in the next place, whether it had the effect of so acting on the conscience as to produce a general reign of peace within the Church, and to supersede the need of external force and constraint.

It will be most convenient here to confine ourselves to the University of Oxford. We have seen that the Universities, Oxford especially, were treated as ecclesiastical microcosms; and, if we

are able to trace the success or failure of Subscription in this smaller sphere, the results may be extended with tolerable certainty to the larger society. Anthony Wood's Annals supply an easy means of applying this test to Oxford, for the period between the first imposition of Subscription in 1580 and the Meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640.

First, it is to be observed that every Chancellor who held office during this period, excepting Laud, finds it necessary to write formal Letters, complaining of the "secret and lurking Papists," who still maintained themselves in the University; and to give orders that such persons should be "sought out, surprised, and punished," that "the University should be *purged*" of all such, and that "justly-suspected persons or known Papists should not be suffered in anywise to have the tuition and leading of young scholars." Complaints and commands of this kind imply that Subscription, which had failed (as we have seen) to expel even "known Papists," was also ineffectual to produce even outward obedience and submission.

Further, it is to be observed that external force was freely used to constrain opinion during this period. In 1589, a commission of Nine was named to inquire the opinions of Thos. Crompton, when he wished to proceed to the Degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. Crompton had already subscribed the Articles twice, perhaps thrice; but a judicial inquiry was deemed necessary. He made a public apology, was then allowed to proceed, and was elected a few years later to be one of the first burgesses to represent the University in Parliament. The whole proceeding indicates strong theological party spirit, and that in no wise quelled by Subscription. In 1591, Chancellor Lord Buckhurst issued the order already quoted, "to seek out, suppress, and punish" concealed Papists. It does not seem that external constraint was as yet superseded by an appeal to the conscience at Subscription; more especially when we find that in the next year one of the theses for disputation before Queen Elizabeth, was, "whether it be lawful to dissemble in matters of

"religion." This ominous question implies that there were some at least who might take the affirmative side. In 1602, several persons were required to recant doctrines advanced in sermons; and one of them, refusing to produce his sermon, was imprisoned. So serious was the matter considered, that the Government issued a high commission, comprising the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Chancellor, and others, and they compelled the recusants to make public submission. Not long after, Mr. Corbet, a well-known wit, was, for his Good Friday sermon, so "rattled up by the preacher" on Low-Sunday (not without the "encouragement of the Reg. Professor of Divinity), that, if he had not been "a person of great courage, he would "have been driven out of the University." About this time, indeed, public censures and punishments became the rule. The Arminian controversy was warmly carried on in Oxford. Subscription had no power to restrain it, and the penal powers of the University were vigorously put forth to supply the insufficient power of Subscription. The Articles were formally issued, with a Royal Declaration prefixed, commanding "all curious search to be laid aside." But in vain. Zealous preachers persisted in trespassing. Laud himself was twice summoned before the Vice-Chancellor for "preaching Popery." Humfrey Leech of Christ Church, "for "preaching scandalous and erroneous "doctrine," was silenced and discom-muned. From 1610 to 1640 there may be counted no less than sixteen persons publicly censured for heretical preaching and teaching; and these not young men, hasty and impetuous, but Bachelors of Divinity, Canons of Christ Church, even a Professor of Divinity. They are sometimes summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, sometimes before a tribunal of Doctors, sometimes before the Professor of Divinity himself. Sometimes they are ordered to preach sermons refuting their own doctrines; sometimes to make submission in open Convocation on their bended knees; and in case of refusal they are liable

to imprisonment and expulsion. These few particulars enable us to understand the despairing letter addressed, in 1631, by Dr. Duppa, the Vice-Chancellor, to the Chancellor. "Such," he says, "has been the height of our late "disorders both within and without the "pulpit, that, should I not express how "I am troubled with it, I might be "thought an insensible member of the "body which you govern." The impression derived from the annals of this period is not that of a Society in which external force had been made unnecessary by an appeal to the conscience, and in which subscription to Articles had produced an epoch of peace and concord.

Space forbids the continuation of this inquiry. Nor is it necessary. The troubles of the Civil War and the long supremacy of the High Church Party which followed the Restoration made the subsequent history of the Church, at Oxford at least, uneventful and otiose. And, though a pendant to the picture already exhibited might be furnished by an analysis of the history of the last thirty years, this could not be done without introducing the names of living persons, and referring to matters that cannot yet be spoken of without heart-burning and recrimination. But it is hardly possible to omit notice of the fact that at this very moment a Committee of seven clergymen are urging their brethren, "for the love of God," to subscribe to two new Articles, one of them (perhaps inevitably) couched in ambiguous language, the other affirming a dogma which was deliberately struck out of Cranmer's Articles by the first Convocation of the Church of England.

Indeed, Subscriptions and promissory engagements to believe have been so far from producing concord and preventing discord, that one is tempted to assert that open dissension or covert scepticism has been, and must be, in direct proportion to the stringency with which such engagements are enforced.

At Oxford we have seen the effects which followed the introduction of Subscription in the early years of the seventeenth century, and we might have described a similar course of events in

the nineteenth;—war, continued war, except in times of reaction and lassitude following on political excitement, when the united power of Church and State has borne down all opposition, and created a state of torpid acquiescence, which was called peace.

At Cambridge tests have played a much less important part in Academic History. The sagacity and moderation of her Chancellor, Lord Burleigh, refrained from imposing on Cambridge the tests imposed on Oxford by Leicester. No Subscription was there required till James I. exacted Subscription to the three Articles of the Canon; and this Subscription was, in the case of candidates for the inferior degrees, exchanged for a Declaration of *bonâ fide* membership in the year 1772, about the time when the Feathers' Tavern petition brought the question of Subscription before the House of Commons in a most infelicitous form. And even before the Act of 1856 extended the same relief to candidates for the higher degrees, the University itself had taken the matter into serious consideration.¹ Yet, though Subscription at Cambridge was introduced thus late, and relaxed thus early, it does not appear that heterodox opinion was so rife, or controversy so bitter, or external force so much employed, as in the sister University, which has never yet, except under compulsion, relaxed one turn of the rope by which all its members, lay and clerical, have been equally and indifferently bound.

In Germany, the Confessions of Faith were most complete and manifold, and the rigour with which promissory engagements were enforced was greatest. "Nothing," says Dr. Pusey, "could be hoped from measures so little in unison with the Reformation as the attempt to re-establish a minute uniformity by the oppressive accumulation of new formulæ of Faith, or by the infliction of civil, sometimes the severest, penalties for minute declensions even from the human system." Strigel, he tells us, was imprisoned for three years

for maintaining "that man was not merely passive in the work of his conversion;" Hardenberg was deposed and banished, and his followers excommunicated, for teaching "that the body of Christ was distributed *with*, but not *in*, the bread;" the physician Pencer was imprisoned for ten years for some equally shadowy deviation from Lutheran doctrine; the jurist Cracau died under the torture for a similar offence; Crell's whole congregation was banished or imprisoned, and Crell himself put to death for imputed Calvinism. These over-strained severities produced their natural result. The attempt to punish all differences of opinion caused men to shrink from attempting to punish any differences. The Symbolical Books lost reverence; Rationalism was pushed to its furthest limits; and for many years past theological inquirers, lay and clerical, have been allowed a liberty, or (call it) licence, of speculation greater and more complete than in any other country. Yet Subscription to the Symbolical Books has, in most parts of Protestant Germany, never been formally dispensed with. All clergymen, either at ordination or on appointment to clerical office, are required to pledge themselves to the doctrines embodied in the Symbolical Books of their respective countries; and in some countries the minute decrees of the so-called Formula of Concord are still retained as the test.

Happily, our Articles are less precise and rigorous. The vague comprehensiveness with which some dogmas are expressed, and the total omission of other dogmas, leaves a latitude unknown in most Protestant Confessions. But the enforcement of Subscription turns this very comprehensiveness to evil use. It not only allows communion between those who choose to differ without disagreeing, but it leads dissatisfied persons to put on words an interpretation which those words were never intended to bear. When our Articles were framed, the Puritan party was rising into importance; but the Catholics, as we have seen, were still powerful in England, and some of their tenets were still dear to the people. Hence the Confession of Faith was so

¹ See Report of Cambridge Commissioners, p. 44.

framed that those who incline to a Romanizing creed, still find shelter in some of the Articles, while those who repudiate high sacerdotal principles appeal confidently to the self-same documents. Arminians and Remonstrants defended their respective tenets with arrows drawn from the same quiver. Teachers, inclined to Lutheranism, claim the Articles as Lutheran; while Calvinistic doctors appeal to them as undoubtedly Calvinistic. Touching the controversies of the present day, the Articles give an uncertain sound. Now, there might be advantage in this if men would agree to differ. But many men insist on so differing as to make their differences paramount; and they maintain, each for himself, that they find these differences countenanced by the Articles. Precise and prolix Formularies involve greater evils, but those evils are less durable. For a time such Formularies do their work and exclude all dissentients; presently, human nature revolts, and the barrier is broken down. But Articles which are comprehensive because they are ambiguous leave the hostile armies in view, and neither will acknowledge defeat. Hence arise recriminations and imputations of bad faith—cast out freely by one party, retorted as freely by the other.

These are not edifying spectacles. One who loves Christ and his true Church winces when he hears Pentham indignantly declaiming against the immorality to which young men are tempted by Subscription, and alleging that "the stronger party says to the weaker: *'Stand forth and lie in the sight of God, or give up the choicest advantages of society, that we may engross them to ourselves.'*" or, when he finds the historian of Elizabeth remarking with refined sarcasm, that "the Thirty-nine Articles, strained and cracked by three centuries of evasive ingenuity, scarcely embarrass even the feeblest of consciences, and the clergymen of the nineteenth century subscribe them with such a smile as might have been worn by Samson when his Philistine mistress bound his arms with the cords and withs;"

or, when he follows the ingenious argumentation by which Dr. Hey attempts to show that, from the nature of veracity and the difficulty of interpreting ancient laws, subscription to our Articles must be regarded as a negative promise to abstain from contradiction, rather than a positive engagement to believe.

It is to Subscription, not to the Articles themselves, that these scandals are due. Leave the Articles untouched, and substitute for Subscription a simple and general form of Declaration; and these assaults, these sarcasms, this casuistry, these recriminations, will cease. For they gather strength from the fact that young men bind themselves beforehand to engagements, under which many of them at a more mature age feel galled and uneasy. In times of quiet orthodoxy little inconvenience is felt. But the moment that inquiry is set afoot and interest excited, sharp attacks revive, and these miserable disquietudes follow. And many a man, who, in tranquil times, subscribed thoughtlessly, because all around him were without thought, finds that in middle life the engagements he contracted by subscription are interpreted with a stringency heretofore unknown.

These are indications of the practical hardships with which it behoves statesmen to deal. The whole theory of promissory engagements to observe laws belongs to a by-gone age. Formerly, every petty detail of academic life was maintained by promissory oaths. A multitude of them was swept away by the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1656 (Wood, II. part 2. p. 671). But the oath to observe the University statutes was exacted from all Undergraduates till a very recent date; and these oaths were defended at Oxford as strenuously as Subscription to Articles is defended now. It was a patent fact that these oaths were not observed, and could not be observed; nay, the fact was recognised more than two centuries ago. But, instead of abrogating the oath to observe the statutes of the University (oaths in Colleges gave occasion to yet greater scandal, but were more difficult to deal with), and substituting a simple address

to the young men, the University employed her most eminent casuist to draw up an epinomis or qualification of the oaths, by which the youths were instructed that, though they swore to obey the statutes, the oath meant nothing more than that they must submit to punishment when they were found out. Now these oaths were wholly within the power of the University to alter or to abolish. And one would have thought that the natural course would have been to put the statutes of the University on the same footing as the laws of the realm; to require obedience without exacting any previous engagements. Yet no step was taken in this direction; and it was not till all such promissory oaths, on the part of the University and in colleges, were prohibited by the act of 1854, that they ceased to be exacted. The University of herself made no sign. Nor has she made any sign towards relaxing her requirements of Subscription. Subscription is a promissory engagement of like nature with these oaths; and Oxford clings to it with the same tenacity. Even while we write, she is petitioning against the moderate provisions of Mr. Dodson's Bill, which proposes indeed to abolish Subscription for the M.A. degree, but takes care that all offices hitherto tenable only by members of the Church of England shall henceforth be held only by members of that Church. When it is remembered that the vast majority of Masters of Arts are and will be clergymen, that in most colleges at least two-thirds of the fellows must be clergymen, that all heads of colleges save one or two must be clergymen, the fear of introducing a few nonconformist members of Convocation seems so extraordinary as to be almost absurd; especially when it is remembered that Presbyterians, and some others, who would not and could not declare themselves *bonâ fide* members of the Church of England, do at present subscribe the Articles; and, therefore, that the consequences which are expected from admitting persons to Convocation without the use of tests do already actually exist with and notwithstanding tests.

If for Subscription, lay and clerical, a simple and general Declaration were to be substituted we should be sensible of little or no change. Laymen would become free: clergymen would still be liable to prosecution for controverting the Articles or Liturgy. But, we repeat, the miserable recriminations incident to the present state of things, the qualifications and the casuistry, the sarcasms and invectives, the charges of evasion and bad faith, would lose their sting and fall pointless on the ear.

No Subscription is required from lecturers at the Royal Institution. Yet the lecturers do not offend the religious sensibilities of their hearers. If Subscription were abolished, why should academical lecturers offend their audiences? Why should preachers offend their congregations? It is not Subscription that prevents offence now; it would not be the absence of Subscription that would instigate teachers and preachers to give offence then. *They* would be withheld then, as other persons are withheld now, by the force of public opinion, by the known sentiments of their hearers, by the reluctance which good men feel to engage in strife without provocation or urgent need.

Would any stricter Court of Heresy be necessary? Not unless stricter Articles and more precise confessions were framed. If it were desirable, and if public opinion would suffer it, this might be done;—at all events, it might be done just as well after Subscription was abolished as before. But it may be assumed that things would remain as they are, the Articles and the Liturgy as the law, the Courts to enforce the law. But, since the abolition of Subscription would diminish the bitterness and rancour of theological disputes, it is not likely that the law would be so often appealed to, or the courts so often put in motion. Probably many doubtful and disputable points would be allowed to sleep; controversy would become less personal; inquiry would be freer and fairer; the essential things of religion, righteousness, love of truth, piety, would be less disturbed by the jarring discords of speculative strife.

Inferential theology would fall into the back-ground. The Bible would be studied more faithfully, more devoutly, more fruitfully. It might be hoped that many conscientious dissenters would no longer feel scruples in communion with their brethren of the Church; and that

some good and able men would lend us their aid, both in the Universities and the Church, who are now kept apart by causes that could not separate men in heaven, and ought not to separate them on earth.

HENRY G. LIDDELL.

ON SLEEP AND DREAMS.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, D.D., AUTHOR OF THE "CHURCH HISTORY OF SCOTLAND."

THERE are some things which baffle not only definition but even explanation. They are so simple that they cannot be resolved into anything simpler. They are so entirely things *per se* that we can only say they are what they are. It is the things we understand best—or, at least, think we understand best—which we can explain least; for it is their very simplicity which defies us. What is time? We cannot tell. What is life? It is a great mystery. What is sleep? We must confess our ignorance. Though we sink into sleep every twenty-four hours, though we spend a third of our whole time in sleep, and though, as Shakespeare says, "our life is rounded by a sleep," we do not know what sleep is. Some physiologists have gone so far as to declare that sleep is our normal state, out of which we only waken at intervals into a condition of abnormal activity, and then naturally sink back again into it; and that, therefore, it were wiser to inquire what is wakefulness than what is sleep. I suspect that both are normal conditions of all animal life: but what is the difference between them? There seems, at first sight, to be a great and easily-recognisable difference; but, when we come to examine it it eludes our grasp. It is not that the one is a conscious and the other an unconscious state, for we shall presently see that in the profoundest sleep there is consciousness. It is not that there is, necessarily at least, less activity during sleep than during wakefulness; for our dreams are often more brilliant than our waking thoughts, and the feats of the somnambulist rival the feats of

the wide-awake athlete. In truth, there is almost nothing deemed peculiar to wakefulness which does not sometimes occur in sleep. In sleep we think and feel, we may be sorry or glad, we may smile or weep, we may be profoundly happy or petrified with horror. There have been cases of men reading aloud while they were fast asleep. Soldiers have continued their march, postillions have ridden their horses, seamstresses have proceeded with their sewing, and even, it is said, clergymen have written on at their sermons after sleep had overtaken them. In what, then, does sleep differ from wakefulness? Physiologists and psychologists alike have been forced to confess they cannot tell. There is a difference, but they cannot exactly indicate it.

The difficulty of distinguishing between sleep and wakefulness is increased by the fact that the one gradually merges into the other. There appears to be no well-defined line where wakefulness ends and sleep begins. Wakefulness imperceptibly gives way to sleep; sleep, in like manner, yields to wakefulness. If there be any boundary between them, it is a debateable land—a dream-land—where lights and shadows, day-thoughts and night-thoughts, confusedly mingle. Sleep and wakefulness, in this respect, follow a general law. There are few sharp boundary lines in nature. Things which at their extremes are widely different approach till they meet and melt into one another. Who will separate between the organic and the inorganic, between the sentient and the insentient, between the living and the

dead? Every one may satisfy himself by personal experience how gradually wakefulness gives way to sleep. Any night he may make the experiment and watch the process. He will observe that his thoughts become more and more dissevered from outside influences—the sensational yields to the ideal—the laws of association act uncontrolled by material objects, everything becomes shadowy, and so he glides into perfect sleep; but he never discovers the moment when he sleeps, both because there is no such moment, and because the farther he advances into the region of somnolency the more the attention relaxes, till at last it is swept away by the dreamy thoughts which now occupy the brain. It is thus we have every possible degree of sleep, from the light sleep of the nurse—which the slightest movement of her patient will interrupt—to the deep sleep of the worn-out man, which almost nothing will disturb.

The most opposite causes seem to predispose to sleep. Heat creates drowsiness, and drowsiness leads to slumber. Cold—at least, severe cold—has the same effect. The traveller in Arctic regions is frequently assailed by a desire to sleep, so strong that he cannot resist it, though he should be quite aware that it will be the "sleep which knows no waking." Vacuity of thought is generally regarded as favourable to sleep, and yet intense thought, and even intense anxiety, have the same result. It is thus that felons not unusually sleep soundly the night before their execution. The explanation of this, however, most probably is, that the mind is worn out by the violence of its own emotions, and kind nature comes to its relief. Physicians tell us that anything which determines the blood to the brain induces sleep, and also that an excessive loss of blood has the same effect. From such opposite quarters does sleep come: but at the same time we must remember that it is a normal condition of our being; that it has a tendency to recur periodically; and that weariness is undoubtedly its great predisposing cause. When we are wearied and jaded with the duties of the day,

by a kind law of our being, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" comes and lays us to rest.

Sleep introduces us to the region of dreams, and dreams have ever been a subject of mysterious interest. Almost all primitive peoples have regarded dreams as Divine intimations. It was God whispering within them. "In slumbering upon the bed," says Elihu, "God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." Homer frequently introduces the gods as inspiring dreams both good and bad; and in this he is followed by almost all the ancient poets, who so far only gave a poetic utterance to the popular faith. Philosophers, in more recent times, have adopted the belief of these ancient bards. Baxter, in his *Essay on the Phenomena of Dreaming*, after rejecting all the theories which represent dreams as originating in the mind itself, and debarred by his Christianity from calling into play mythological deities, resorts to the supposition that they are suggested to us by spiritual beings of some kind or other. In no other way, as he thinks, can they be accounted for. And, as dreams have thus been attributed to a supernatural origin, so have they very generally been regarded as possessing a prophetic character. The farther back we ascend, this belief becomes stronger, but it is far from extinct in the present day. In the courts of the ancient eastern kings there was always to be found an interpreter of dreams. Joseph held the office in the court of the Egyptian Pharaoh; and Daniel in that of the Chaldean Nebuchadnezzar: and, though the function has now declined from its pristine dignity, the "spey-wife" still explains to credulous maidservants the meaning of their dreams. Nor need we wonder that our dreams have thus been ranked with the supernatural. There is the gloom of night, and the mystery of sleep; and, when our eyes are closed upon the world, and we no longer hear the voices of our fellow-men, then mysterious voices whisper within us and weird-like shapes move before us; we visit strange countries, converse with old comrades, get a glimpse of things not yet come to pass;

and everything is so real, so life-like, and at the same time so unlike our usual thoughts, that we readily accept of any explanation which refers our dreams to the Divine.

But there has always been a sceptical philosophy in the world, which repudiates the supernatural, and traces all things to the operation of ordinary law. The Greeks, who speculated about everything, speculated about dreams, and had their ways of accounting for them. Democritus taught that all material things were constantly throwing off filmy *simulacra* of themselves, and that these assailed the soul, while it lay helpless in sleep, and formed the images of our dreams. The Latin Lucretius afterwards worked up this idea in his great poem. The Platonists, on the other hand, held that the mind itself might evolve dreams; and Cicero, whose tendencies were all toward the Academy, defends this opinion, in his interesting book on Divination. Many other old theories about dreams might be quoted; but, instead of getting ourselves entangled in these ancient speculations, I think it better to follow the track of modern thought.

One of the questions which has at all times been greatly agitated is—Do we always dream during sleep? This question is as old as the days of Aristotle; and equally illustrious names can be quoted on either side of the controversy. Hippocrates, Leibnitz, Des Cartes, Cabanis, Abercrombie, and Sir W. Hamilton, maintain that we always dream: Locke, Reid, Macnish, Carpenter, and Brougham, are of opinion that sound sleep is dreamless. In order to reach a satisfactory solution of the question, I shall endeavour first to answer it in this simpler and more definite form—Are we ever perfectly unconscious during sleep? I imagine that, when the question is thus put, few will hesitate to answer that we are never entirely unconscious even during the profoundest sleep. I question, indeed, how far utter unconsciousness is compatible with the existence of mind. I cannot think the mind is like a piece of mechanism, which may exist though

it does not move: the essence of mind is thought; and therefore the cessation of consciousness seems to be tantamount to the cessation of mind. I therefore apprehend that even in swoons there must be some remnants of consciousness, though we may not be able to reach them. There must always be a feeble glimmer of light, if it is to be blown again into a flame: there must always be a trace of life, however faint, if reanimation is to take place. But there are more specific arguments which greatly strengthen these general ones. It is allowed on all hands that sensation is greatly blunted by sleep. The eyes are closed, the ears are partially stopped, the whole surface of the body loses some of its sensitiveness, and even the sensations which reach us from other parts of our system are not so vivid as when we are awake. The famished escape from the pangs of hunger; and those who are perishing for thirst forget for a little the agony of the parched throat. But, though sensation is blunted, it is not destroyed. If the sleeper has assumed an uncomfortable position, he feels the discomfort, and turns himself in bed. If a whisper fails to awaken us, a cry will; if we do not hear a step softly treading our room, we cannot help hearing it, perchance, the tongs rattle on the fender. A hand gently laid on the bed-clothes may not disturb us, but a hand somewhat roughly laid on our shoulder will make us quickly start up with confused thoughts about thieves. This proves there is sentience, though it is not so sharp-edged as when we were awake. If there were no consciousness, no sentience—(as Macnish in his *Philosophy of Sleep* unguardedly affirms)—a cannon might be exploded in our room without awakening us. Indeed, when once we were sound asleep, there would be no possibility of rousing us at all. It is because consciousness and sense remain that the connexion is maintained between the sleeper and the external world.

We have thus a basis for dreams. But a dream, in the usual sense of the term, is something more than a state of dull, sluggish, consciousness. It is a

lively train of thought, resembling our waking reveries, but at once more vivid and more incoherent. If the question be—Are such trains of thought constantly passing through our minds during sleep?—I think there can be no hesitation in answering in the negative. I do not see why we should not believe that in sleep, as in wakefulness, the mind is sometimes more and sometimes less active. In neither state is it ever entirely without thought and consciousness, and in both it is sometimes intensely busy, and at other times in almost perfect repose. In short, there may be every gradation of thought and feeling, from the highest consciousness down to the very verge of unconsciousness. There is reason to believe that in deep sleep the latter state is approached—thought lies still, and fancy, so lively at other times, folds her wings, and partakes of the universal repose. It is certain that those who sleep soundly seldom remember their dreams, and I apprehend that we remember our night-thoughts just as we remember our vivid day ones, and quickly forget all others. We shall be confirmed in this belief if we watch a person in profound sleep. The whole frame lies motionless, every feature is in perfect repose; there is nothing to indicate that thought is busy within; and energetic thought generally works its way out, and manifests its presence. It is very different in broken sleep, and in the transition-state between sleep and wakefulness, which, I suspect, is the true dream-land. The frequent changes of position, the shades of expression which pass over the countenance, as with men in a reverie; sometimes the mutterings, sometimes the uneasy groans—all indicate that thought is earnestly at work, giving pleasure or reflecting pain. This opinion is greatly strengthened by the following curious case, stated by Dr. Pierquin. It fell under his notice in one of the hospitals of Montpellier, in 1821. A young woman had lost, from disease, a large portion of her scalp, skull-bone, and *dura mater*, and a corresponding portion of her brain was consequently bare and open to inspection. “When she was in

“a dreamless sleep,” as he relates, “her brain was motionless, and lay within the *cranium*. When her sleep was manifest, and she was agitated by dreams, her brain moved and protruded without the *cranium*, forming a *cerebral hernia*. In vivid dreams, reported as such by herself, the protrusion was considerable; and, when she was perfectly awake, especially if engaged in active thought or sprightly conversation, it was still greater. Nor did the protrusion occur in jerks, alternating with recessions, as if caused by the impulse of the arterial blood. It remained steady while the conversation lasted.” This singular case is very interesting, as not only illustrating the action of the brain under the influence of thought, but also as leading to the inference that the mind is nearly quiescent in certain stages of sleep.

The facts of somnambulism are frequently quoted in opposition to the opinion I have maintained. The somnambulist may be in a sleep so profound that almost nothing will awaken him; he may show the current of his thoughts by his actions—by dancing, singing, climbing to house-tops, performing a hundred extraordinary freaks, for hours together, and in the morning have not the slightest recollection of his night's adventures. Such cases there undoubtedly are, but they must be regarded as abnormal, and as proving little regarding the phenomena of ordinary sleep. In ordinary sleep the body is generally motionless, in somnambulism it is active; and the same may be true in regard to the mind. Somnambulism appears, in some respects, to be like the mesmeric sleep, in which there is perfect agility of body, and a certain alertness of mind, though coupled with a subjectivity to every kind of hallucination and imposture. In truth, it almost looks like a misnomer to speak of these states as sleep at all—the mind seems simply to be in some degree detached from the senses, and thrown into a new frame of thinking, as an organ, by the different arrangement of the stops, may be made to emit a new set of sounds.

But Sir William Hamilton quotes his

own experience as evidence that the mind is busy with dreams during the soundest sleep. He caused himself to be wakened at different periods of the night and always found himself dreaming. It might be said in answer to this that Macnish tried the same experiment upon himself, and with the very opposite result; as he wakened he could not catch the least trace of a receding dream. But, though there were not such opposing testimony, the case of Sir William Hamilton would not be decisive. A person going to bed with the knowledge that he was to be operated on—aware that he was to be wakened at some period of the night, and that, to make the experiment successful, he must start from sleep as quickly as possible, and turn his eyes in upon himself, would not be likely to enjoy that deep sleep which dreams do not invade, but would almost to a certainty have his mind agitated and filled with thoughts about the business on hand, thus destroying the necessary conditions of a testing experiment. But, besides, could Sir William Hamilton be certain that the dreams which he found in possession of his brain when he awoke were not confined to the short period of transition from sleep to wakefulness? There are plenty of dreams on record—dreams which appeared long to the dreamers and embraced a multitude of scenes and circumstances—and which yet could not have occupied many seconds. And, moreover, as has already been said, the transition-period seems to be the most fruitful of dreams. But Sir William Hamilton acknowledges that on some occasions when he was thus suddenly roused, he was "scarcely certain of more than the fact that he was not awakened from an unconscious state," which corroborates the opinion that consciousness exists in very various degrees of activity. We may therefore rest in the conclusion that in sleep we are always conscious, though not always imaginative.

But how comes it that our night thoughts are so different from our day thoughts? Why should the same mind act so differently in sleep and wakeful-

ness? These questions I think admit of a satisfactory explanation. The two chief characteristics of dreams are the substitution of ideas for sensations, and incoherency without any perception of it. Let us look at each of these characteristics.

Dreams are nothing more than trains of thought. We think when we are asleep as well as when awake, and these sleeping-thoughts we call dreams. But there appears to be something more than mere thoughts. We see, we hear, we smell, we taste, touch, handle. We pass through the streets of a great city, gaze at the noble buildings, admire the splendid equipages, hear suddenly the salutation of a friend, walk with him, talk with him, part with him; and every thing is as real to us, and as firmly believed, as if it were actual. How is this? How do we manage to impose upon ourselves? How do our thoughts contrive to cheat the conscious mind out of which they spring? To penetrate the mystery we must remember that the mind has two states of consciousness—sensations and ideas. Sensations are the pictures of outward nature, and ideas are the pictures of sensations. Sensations are the images of objects thrown upon the mind with every shade of brilliant colouring, but fading the moment these objects are gone; ideas are the photographic light-and-shade impressions of these left on the memory: and as, when photographs are placed in the stereoscope, the effect of reality is produced, so there are circumstances in which ideas, by a wonderful illusion, produce all the effects of sensation. We seem to see not mere pictures but the actual scenes. I have already shown, in a previous paper (see *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 30, April 1862), that even in our waking state ideas are sometimes mistaken for sensations, that we believe ourselves to see or feel what we merely imagine, and that all ideas as well as sensations bring their outward objects before the mind. When we think of anything it is always as of something outside of ourselves. What we think of—what we are conscious of—is not the thought itself, but its object. When

we think of objects of sight we mentally see them. We recollect the Cathedral of Cologne; that implies that its lofty towers, its proportions, its exquisite tracery are, more or less, definitely present to the mind. The memory revives the faded pictures of sensation. All our thoughts of visual objects are therefore visions—seen with the mind's-eye. In our waking hours these visions are dimly seen, because the visions of sensation by their greater brilliancy throw them into the shade; in reveries, however, they acquire considerable force; and in sleep, when sensation is in a great measure shut out, they startle us by their vividness, just as the stars which where unseen during the day shine brightly in the darkness of the night.

If we reflect upon the limit which sleep imposes on our field of consciousness, we shall not wonder at the change which it produces in our thoughts. When awake we are constantly confronted by the outer world. Our eyes are open, and objects of sight fill our mind and modify all our other mental states. Sensation is the dominant element in our consciousness. But in sleep the mind is in a great measure isolated from the outer world. The avenues of sense are closed. The mind is left with its own thoughts; and these, though dim when in conjunction with sensations, are now bright, and, as they are, as I have already said, representations of outward things, we see in our own imaginings all the phantasmagoria of our dreams—towers and castles and towns, monsters and men, all named and all nameless things.

It is worthy of observation, however, that our dreams sometimes suddenly break down, from our ideas being unable to simulate violent sensations. Dr. Abercrombie tells us of a friend of his, a keen sportsman, who frequently dreamed he was in the turnip-fields with his gun. He saw his dog pointing; he saw the game rising; he took his aim and felt the trigger, but the fowling-piece never went off. It was because he could not realize in idea the sudden, sharp and loud report. In like manner, we frequently dream that we are falling

off a precipice, but never that we have reached the ground, because thought fails to realize the fatal crash.

The other characteristic of dreams to which I alluded is incoherency. Our day thoughts are generally consistent with themselves and with the probability of things. When it is otherwise—when the mind loses its ballast; when hallucinations take possession of it; when thought abandons the usual track, and flies in the face of possibility—we say it is insanity. But all this takes place when we dream; which has led eminent physicians to speak of dreams as a temporary insanity. At one moment we are in England, and the next hunting tigers in the jungles of India; we are speaking to a friend, and while we speak he is metamorphosed into a totally different person, and we scarcely mark the change; we are placed in the most ludicrous and even unnatural circumstances,—but, instead of being surprised, it seems all natural and right. So far indeed does this go that at times we forget not only the difference between the *meum* and *tuum*, but even between the *ego* and the *non-ego*, and confound ourselves with other persons. There is nothing too fantastic, too monstrous, too improbable for dreams. Our imagination, when holding its high revels, abolishes space, annihilates time, jumbles together deities and demons, friends and foes, darkness and light, truth and falsehood, possibility and impossibility. Why should this potent power when emancipated by sleep be restrained within the narrow bounds of reason and sense?

We have here, then, two things to explain, the incoherence of our dreams, and the fact that we are, apparently at least, not aware of their incoherency at the time. I suspect that the same circumstance which gives to dreams their scenic effect creates their incoherence. When we are wide awake, and our mind is divided between sensations and ideas, its true balance is preserved. When sensations are shut out, its balance is lost. The one keeps the other in their proper place. So long as the reality of things is ever staring us in the face, our

ideas are kept from wandering into absurdity; but, when everything real is removed, and our ideas are left to follow their own laws of association uncontrolled, a strange medley of sense and nonsense is the result. For, by the laws of association, not only does like suggest its like, but frequently things suggest their opposites, and thus the most incongruous scenes and circumstances are brought together. We are hurried along as on a steed without a bridle. There is nothing to correct our extravagances; nothing to keep the current of our thoughts within the bounds of probability; nothing to bring us back to reality when once we have wandered into the region of fables. But the wonder is not so much that we imagine all monstrous things, as that we believe them, and, in general, are in no way surprised at them. Even when awake, our thoughts sometimes run riot. What castles in the air do we build in our reveries! What insane thoughts sometimes enter sane minds! What an absurd tissue of the possible and the impossible is sometimes woven by froward fancies! But then we generally perceive the absurdity of our revelling thoughts, and do not for a moment believe them. Why do we believe them in our dreams? The reason is, when awake the world is ever before us, recalling us to the rigid truth so contradictory sometimes of our fond fancies; whereas in sleep the world is annihilated, and we see a new heaven and a new earth. When awake, sensation maintains its dominancy, and fancies are known to be but fancies; but, when sleep overpowers us, sensation becomes dull and indistinct, and our thoughts take the shape of outside realities,—they move before us as men and women; they tower up around us as mountains and battlements; they stretch out before us as woods and fields, and we believe what we see, by a law of our being, just as we do when awake. When men see spectres they generally believe in the outside reality till something occurs to destroy the belief.

But, when in our dreams we meet with a friend whom we know to be dead, why are we not at least surprised? It is

because at the moment we do not recollect that he is dead—we simply see him before us, and we accept the fact. Memory may bring up before us the images of the departed without recalling their death; the train of thought may sweep onward, and the very rapidity and intensity of our mental action exclude reflections and reminiscences, which might otherwise occur. It is so when we are awake. Archimedes was not surprised at the tumult in the streets when Syracuse was taken, because he was otherwise so intently engaged that it did not occur to him what the tumult might mean. But, besides this, do we not often, when we are fully awake, sit and converse for hours together with the distant and the dead. We wander together to the old haunts, we re-enact the old scenes, or we lead them to our present places of resort, introduce them to our new associates, open up to them our future plans; and it must be remembered that our dreams are just our wayward thoughts, without any rigid reality at hand to tell us they are false.

But it is not always the case that we are not surprised at the metamorphosis and strange adventures of our dreams. We are sometimes both surprised and sceptical. In some of our dreams, beneath the appearance of reality, there is an under-current of unbelief; we know they are dreams. This is more especially the case with our morning lucubrations, which are also more rational and coherent than those which we have when sinking into sleep—which evidently arises from our approaching the land of wakefulness, and a stream of day thoughts mingling with our night ones.

If all that has been said is true, there is nothing extraordinary about dreams. They are referable to the ordinary laws of thought. They are night reveries, in which there is simply such a change in the character of the mental train as we should expect from the change of the conditions. Our day experiences furnish the materials out of which they are woven, "A dream," saith Solomon wisely, "cometh through much business." Let us reflect on what actually

happens. As we gradually pass into slumber, we are still thinking; but some of our sensations, especially the important ones of vision, are now entirely shut out, and others become dim and still dimmer; we pass from the world of sense to the world of ideas, and our ideas, being no longer eclipsed by the superior splendour of sensation, shine out with greater apparent brilliancy; the ordinary laws of association go on in full operation, idea suggesting idea, but no longer controlled by the presence of outside realities; sometimes a dull sensation reaches the mind, and either mingles imperceptibly with the current of thought, or alters altogether its direction; it creates a *hitch* in the dream,—and thus the mental theatre-show proceeds till we sink into deep sleep, where even fancy slumbers, or open our eyes at morn and look out upon these hard facts which banish the spectres of the night—for all ghosts disappear at cock-crowing.

The thoughts of the day, as I have already said, reappear in the visions of the night. The man of business is again seated at his desk, calculating his profits and his loss. The gay beauty is waltzing as vigorously as she did two hours before, and she hears yet again the soft speeches of her admirers. The mother who has lost a child watches by its bedside during its great agony, or visits its little grave, or perhaps dandles it once more on her knee, and listens to its prattle and rejoices in the bloom of the rosy cheeks. But sometimes dreams are perverse. There are women who have been bereaved of their husbands, who mourn over them all the day, and earnestly long to see them again in their dreams—to meet them, as it were, in the Shades; but the sleeping thoughts uniformly take a different direction. If the day reveals the dead, the darkness of night comes to bury them out of their sight. This may, perhaps, arise from the fact that the mind cannot dwell incessantly on the same subject without being worn out, and instinctively seeks for relief in change. Of course our natural dispositions also give their peculiar tinge to our dreams just

as they give to our waking thoughts: and we are quarrelsome, loving, avacious, or benevolent, according to the stamp which Nature has impressed upon us.

Though dreams are in general incoherent and nonsensical, yet there are many cases on record in which the most splendid conceptions have been furnished by them. Tartini is said to have composed his *Devil's Sonata* from the inspiration of a dream, in which the devil appeared to him and challenged him to a trial of his skill on his own fiddle. Coleridge declares he composed his splendid poetical fragment of *Kubla Khan* when asleep. Condorcet relates that, more than once, having retired to bed jaded with intricate calculations which he had left unfinished, he completed them in his dreams. Franklin states that he sometimes saw the bearing of political events more clearly during sleep than he had done when awake. Dr. Gregory mentions that thoughts sometimes occurred to him in dreams which were so good that he used them in his college lectures. Sir Benjamin Brodie tells us of a friend who had more than once invented an apparatus for an experiment he wished to make in a dream, and of another who had solved mathematical problems when asleep which had baffled him when awake. It is certain that events frequently recur to us in sleep which we had entirely forgotten, and probably should never otherwise have recalled. But this is easily explicable, for not only do our sleeping thoughts wander free and far from being unshackled by sense, but they become much more vivid. When we dream of those not seen for long years we see them with a distinctness of detail which our waking memory could never have reproduced. But, while there can be no doubt that some fine thoughts and remarkable reminiscences have issued from dreams, we must remember that this is a matter in which we are very apt to be deceived. While we dream we are in general vastly enamoured with our own ideas and arguments, but when we awake we find them silly and senseless in the extreme.

Though dreams essentially consist of trains of thought, many of them are determined by the presence of a sensation. Sir Walter Scott mentions a nobleman whose arm during sleep was accidentally exposed to the cold night air and became numb, and he awoke from a frightful dream, in which he supposed a corpse had seized him by the arm, and was dragging him from bed. Dr. Gregory, having had a hot bottle placed to his feet, dreamed that he was ascending to the crater of Mount Etna, and felt the ground burning beneath him. Dr. Reid, having had a blister applied to his head, dreamed that he was being scalped by Indians. During the threatened French invasion a gentleman in Edinburgh dreamed that the landing had taken place, that the volunteers were mustering, that the signal-gun from the castle was fired, and awoke. His wife awoke at the same instant, having had a similar dream; and it was discovered that the cause of both was the falling of a pair of tongs, acting upon the thoughts about invasion, which were then dominant in their minds. But there are cases on record in which dreams of any kind could be excited by merely whispering into the sleeper's ear.

If the account here given of dreams be true, we need not ascribe to them either a supernatural origin or a prophetic power. Yet many dreams are undoubtedly fulfilled: and it is easy to see why they should be. We anticipate a certain event, dream about it, and it comes to pass. A disease begins to develop itself in our system; it is still too obscure to be detected by the ordinary observer; but it affects the highly sensitive mind, and we have uneasy dreams about illness and death; and, when these occur, it is thought there has been a revelation of the future. It is the same circumstance which creates, what we call, presentiments. There are other dreams which fulfil themselves in a different way. An Italian merchant, travelling between Rome and Sienna, dreamt he was murdered, and in confession told this to a priest, and at the same time revealed the wealth which

he carried about with him; the priest's cupidity was excited, and he fulfilled his dream. A Hamburg apprentice, who was to be despatched on the following day to a distance with a considerable sum of money, had frightful dreams of robbery and murder, and accordingly, in passing through a village which lay on the edge of a wood, he revealed his fears and his errand to the magistrate, in presence of some workmen, and begged for a guide. The magistrate sent one of the workmen who had heard the story, and the poor youth was afterwards found murdered in the wood, and the guide had fled.

But by far the greatest number of those cases which appear prophetic undoubtedly arise simply from coincidences. Coincidences frequently occur betwixt our waking thoughts and future facts; why should it not be so with our sleeping ones? How many dreams prove false, compared with the few which prove true? In London alone, more than three millions of dreams must be dreamt every night; what marvel though one of these, which pointed to the future, should afterwards be realised, and if so, it is quite sure to be remembered, quoted, perhaps chronicled, while all the others are forgotten for ever. Do those who believe in these dreams as prophetic reflect as to what is involved in the belief? It involves that a miracle has been worked in their case. It involves that the Deity has specially interfered with the ordinary laws of Nature, to reveal perhaps some trifling event to them. No sound thinker, indeed no pious man, will readily admit such a supposition.

Dreams do enough without laying open to us the future. They fill with beautiful forms those night-hours which otherwise would be a solitary waste; they double our amount of consciousness, and thus in effect double our sum of enjoyable life. Who would not be a dreamer of dreams? From how much high pleasure should we be cut off if we were deprived of them! The beggar, who every night dreams he is a king, is not very far removed from royalty.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER XL.—CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

DEAR SIMKINS,—On my return from a visit to Chandernagore, I found two letters full of your reflections on the question of the advisability of our keeping India. One had come through Bombay, and the other by Point de Galle, and I am anxiously expecting another round the Cape. The problems which you select for discussion are certainly rather antiquated. Some three months ago you gave me your opinion about the annexation of Oude, in a treatise that displayed profound political wisdom, which more than compensated for a slight want of familiarity with the details of your subject. At first I was surprised and gratified to find that you had turned your attention to an event so recent; but it gradually began to dawn upon me that the annexation of Oude, which you had undertaken to justify in the sight of God and man, was not that accomplished by Lord Dalhousie, in 1856, but the arrangement which was effected by Lord Wellesley, as far back as 1801. While reading your letters I seem to resemble the traveller, who, during a tour in Southern Russia, in the year 1819, came to a Cossack village, somewhere between the Don and the Volga. He found the population in a state of wild excitement and exhilaration. Bonfires were blazing, and oxen roasting whole. The gutters ran with raki and train-oil. Peasants who had never tasted anything daintier than a rushlight now had their fill of long sices. It was evidently some great occasion. Perhaps the birthday of an archduke. Perhaps a victory over the Circassian. Possibly the return of an influential member of the tribe from a temporary sojourn in Siberia. The tourist inquired what had given rise to these demonstrations. "Haven't you heard?" was the answer. "Napoleon has abdicated! The allies have

"entered Paris! Our brethren are living
"at free-quarters in a land flowing with
"lard and tallow. Hourah! Alexander
"for ever!"

Now, you are at least as much behind the world as these honest Cossacks. Some four or five years ago, when the financial state of our Eastern Empire seemed desperate to the most sanguine of political economists, there was some little talk about the inconvenience and danger of retaining our hold upon India. Men might reasonably question the advantage of a possession which cost more than it brought in. No one will thank you for leaving him an estate encumbered with mortgages, and entailing on him a yearly lawsuit; and the condition of such an estate was much that of our dominions in Asia, loaded with a debt of a hundred millions, surrounded by such litigious neighbours as Burmese and Afghans, thronged with tenants as turbulent and impracticable as Sikhs and Santhals. India might be the brightest jewel of the English crown, but she certainly was one of which the cutting and setting came uncommonly expensive. There was very little encouragement and satisfaction in the prospect of a budget which showed a pretty steady annual deficit of five millions; or, worse than that, in the prospect of an annual deficit of five millions without any budget at all. Until the appointment of poor Mr. Wilson, the public resources of India were administered on the most happy-go-lucky system that perhaps ever existed in any civilized country. That grand old Company displayed very little mercantile accuracy in the management of the finances. It would almost seem as if the Anglo-Indian government was ashamed of its commercial origin, and sought to rival the majestic profusion of ancient and time-honoured dynasties.

Then the work of conquest and annexation went on so briskly, there were so many independent princes to be turned into allies, and so many allies to be degraded into subjects, that our rulers had neither time nor inclination for the manufacture of financial statements. They found it easier to pay their contractors and their mercenaries with the first money that came to hand, and borrow whenever the treasury was not in cash—a contingency of by no means rare occurrence. Even if the powers that then were had been overtaken by a fit of economy, even if they had felt the paramount necessity of effecting a comprehensive and minute survey of the resources and expenses of the State, it is doubtful whether they would have found in the ranks of the Civil Service men endowed with the experience and knowledge which such a task would demand. As long as there were vast conquests to be organized and governed, mighty potentates to be cajoled into friendship or bullied into vassalage, justice to be administered, codes to be digested, no one cared to descend from the rôle of a governor, an envoy, a judge, a lawgiver, and assume the less splendid, but certainly not less useful, character of an accountant or an auditor. Who would condescend to the office of quæstor, when he might be a proctor or a pro-consul? Napoleon the Great acted on a very different principle. He knew well that a power which owes its origin to a period of general confusion, and its grandeur to successful and successive wars, can least of all afford to neglect the finances. Nothing short of the most rigorous economy, the most anxious and constant scrutiny into details, could have kept afloat through so many eventful years a Government at once revolutionary and aggressive, whose chief was hated by all the monarchs of Europe as a usurper and a *parvenu*, and by all the nations of Europe as a grasping and unscrupulous Jupiter Scapin. While with his terrible right hand he was dealing home-thrusts to the heart of Austria and Brandenburg, his left hand was for ever in his

breeches-pocket jingling the francs and centimes. Unfortunately there was no Buonaparte in India. Things went as providence chose to order them—providence, that is to say, represented by Armenian stockjobbers and Hindoo contractors. The budget made itself as best it could. Acting Governors-general wrote home by one mail in a flurry to announce a deficit of forty lacs of rupees, and by the next mail informed the honourable Court that a slight error had been detected in the accounts, and that instead of a deficit there turned out to be a surplus. Unfortunately in far the greater number of instances the case was reversed, and instead of a surplus there resulted a very tangible and palpable deficit. By the year 1859, the prospects of India were so hopeless, as far as the financial eye could reach, that even those who could view our occupation of this country from other points than that of pounds, shillings, and pence, began seriously to doubt whether we were not paying too dearly for the privilege of governing and civilizing the East.

Now everything is changed. Mr. Wilson brought in the first Indian budget; and, before two years were out, the astonished world beheld the last Indian deficit. Three years ago a certain Governor of Madras prophesied that the vast resources of the country, fostered by judicious economy and administered by trained financiers, regulated and adjusted by means of an exact and sweeping annual estimate, would more than suffice to meet all demands. And yet we may well believe that even he would have been astounded could he have foreseen the state of things which it has fallen to his lot to announce. In 1859-60 the Revenue was Rupees 39,705,822, and the Expenditure Rupees 50,475,683. In 1862-63 the Revenue was Rupees 45,105,700, and the Expenditure Rupees 43,825,104. The questions which occupy our Eastern Chancellor of the Exchequer are no longer how this deficit is to be met, how that loan is to be negotiated; but whether an increased grant may be allotted to

education, whether an oppressive monopoly may be abolished with advantage, whether the surplus should be absorbed in repealing taxation, paying off debt, or advancing reproductive public works.

It appears, then, that we can afford to hold India ; but how do we establish our right of tenure ? There is no need to justify our occupation in the eyes of the world in general. The commercial interests of all nations imperatively demand that the Government of Hindostan should be in the hands of a great and enlightened power. As long as Bombay and Calcutta are free ports ; as long as the navigation of the Ganges and the Indus is as safe as the navigation of the Elbe and the Rhone ; as long as the tea-plantations in Assam are as secure as the sugar-plantations in Jamaica, and the cotton-fields of Central India a great deal more secure than the cotton-fields of South Carolina ; so long the merchants of Marseilles, of Hamburg, of Baltimore, of Manilla will thank us for taking upon ourselves the trouble of keeping the Ghorkas out of Bahar, and the Burmese out of Silhet. Monsieur Thiers may grumble, and Monsieur Lesseps may rant, but almost every Frenchman of sense would be very sorry to see our commissioners and collectors succeeded by prefects and receivers-general. During the crisis of the mutiny we enjoyed the hearty sympathy of the civilized world ; and we may say with pride, and without ingratitude, that that sympathy was not entirely disinterested. The Americans of the North, who see a parallel between their present position and that of England in 1857, bitterly complain that we have requited their good-will with our cold neglect. As far as India is concerned, we do our duty by the commonwealth of nations. It remains to inquire whether we do our duty by the inhabitants of India.

We are, as a nation, agreed that the greatest benefit we can confer upon our subjects is Christianity. Our heart's desire and prayer for India is, that she may be saved. Is that desire soon to be accomplished ? Is that prayer in

the course of fulfilment ? Let us ask our missionaries who, with true Protestant honour and fidelity, publish to the light the results of their labours, be they great, or be they insignificant. The Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1862-63 contains the following summary :—

"Taking the statistics of the three presidencies of India, we find that, besides hundreds of thousands of listeners to the Gospel message, there were ten years ago 94,145 registered Christians, and that there are now 138,543."

That is to say, there is something less than one Christian to every thousand heathen, and this after European missionaries have been sixty years in the country.

As I know, by personal observation, nothing at all of the presidency of Bombay, and little of Madras, I will confine my remarks on the progress of Christianity to the North of India. The Report of the Church Missionary Society places the number of native Christians in the North India Mission at 8,523 ; that is to say, at barely one Christian to every ten thousand heathen.

Like brave and worthy Englishmen, the labourers in this ungrateful vineyard are not afraid of acknowledging their failure. Let us take the three Mofussil missions of Bengal. The Rev. S. Hasell, of Burdwan, owns in his report that, "but very few converts have been baptized from the Zillah itself."

The Rev. R. P. Greaves, in his annual review of the mission at Kishnagur, writes :—

"One of the most unsatisfactory characteristics of the congregations in this district at present is their non-expansion. They are showing but little light, and producing but little good around. For a series of years they have been stationary, not to say stagnant."

The Rev. E. L. Puxley, of the Bhau-gulpore and Santhal mission, furnishes a statement containing the following passage :—

"As to future prospects, humanly speaking, I feel much less hope now for the rapid conversion of the Santhals than I did at the beginning of last year. I was then new to the work, and judged more by reason than experience. The religion of the Santhals is a religion which they cherish as derived from their fathers, and to which they cling with far greater tenacity than I had expected. I cannot help expressing my hope that I am totally in the wrong concerning our future prospects, and that events may prove that my original opinion was the most exact. We derive courage from the thought of the unseen things—God's power, and the promises which are behind."

Gallant words these, and good words, but what a hopeless state of things do they imply! The cause of Faith must, indeed, be in a bad way when such men despair. To fight an uphill fight; to finish his course without joy; to sow where he cannot reap; to strew where he may not gather; to work honestly and stoutly to the end, and to work in vain; such is the fate of the English missionary in the Northern Provinces of India. It is idle to close our eyes against the fact, that with all the advantages of civilization and domination, we have hitherto succeeded in converting to our own creed only one in ten thousand of the subject people. Why is the most pure and consistent of religions powerless against the most foul and fanciful of superstitions? Why is Truth worsted in the battle, though science and authority, the power of the intellect, and the power of the sceptre, are ranged at her side in close alliance? Why, under the very shadow of the Christian churches and colleges, do men cry aloud to Seeva, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushes out upon them? Why does Christ count his followers by units, while Vishnu numbers his worshippers by myriads? The failure is due partly to defects inherent in our system of evangelization; partly to overwhelming obstacles without,

against which the most perfect organization would unsuccessfully contend.

The very excellence and perfection of our religion constitutes our first and most serious difficulty. The creed which our missionaries preach would be far more readily adopted if it were not so much too good for the men to whom they preach it. The days of wholesale conversion are long gone by. It is natural to regret the golden age when tribes of Huns and Vandals embraced, with easy unanimity, the faith of the empire which they had invaded—when strings of captive Danes were led from the field of battle to the nearest stream before the blood had dried upon the weapons of the victors. But we must not forget that our Christianity differs from the Christianity of the dark ages, at least as much as the belief of Socrates differed from the belief of Homer. Ours is an elevated and philosophic religion, adapted to the wants of an enlightened and progressive society: and a philosophic religion cannot be a proselytizing religion. The Church of Rome, in old time, offered very different attractions to converts of rank and power, and demanded from them a far easier test than do the Protestant missionary societies of our own day. The bounty was so high, and the discipline in her ranks so lax, that she found no difficulty in procuring recruits. St. Cuthbert's bishop knew well what he was about when he undertook to enlist the old northern rover.

"Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the Church by bridle and spear:

Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tyndale part,
To better his will, and soften his heart.
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for his Faith than the lands which he won;

The High Church of Durham is dressed for the day,
And the clergy are ranked in their solemn array.

There came the Count in a bearskin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm:
He kneeled before St. Cuthbert's shrine
With patience unwonted at rites divine;
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook."

Nor did the churchman demand any very marked outward manifestation of the good work that was going on within the breast of his convert. Sir Walter tells us how—

“— E'en the good bishop was forced to endure
The scandal which time and instruction might cure.
It were dangerous, he deemed, at the first to restrain
From his wine and his wassail a half-christened Dane.
The mead flowed around, and ale was drained dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry;
With Kyrie Eleison came clamorously in
The war-song of Danesman, Norweyan, and Fin.”

He must have been a very thick-headed old Viking who could not appreciate the advantages of a conversion of which the only drawback consisted in a short rite followed by a long drinking-bout, and the practical result was a fat fief in Durham or Northumberland. If he had been required to give up habits of brutality and self-indulgence; to stint himself in mead and ale, and make Hilda an honest woman; to become charitable, devout, and unselfish; to have a decided opinion on the doctrine of the Real Presence, and an undecided opinion on the question of Eternal Punishment; to profess, and at the same time to profess with reservation, his belief that, if his ancient brethren in arms held that the Holy Ghost was not proceeding, but either made, created, or begotten, without doubt they would perish everlastingly—if such were the conditions exacted of him by his new teachers, he would probably be not quite so ready to renounce the pleasing prospect of tippling through all eternity in the congenial society of Odin.

As a general rule, the religion of a people is ceremonial in inverse proportion to their advance in knowledge and civilization. Among rude and degraded nations the outward and visible sign is regarded far more than the inward and spiritual grace. Ruskin has well said that the social and moral condition of the Alpine populations may be gauged

by the amount of blood on the crucifixes at the cross-roads. There is, perhaps, no country in the world where the devout Roman Catholics are superior in intelligence to the devout Protestants. The preponderance of the spiritual element in the national religion of Scotland is, in no small measure, due to the canniness of her inhabitants; while poor Ireland still seeks after a sign as she sought after one in the days of St. Patrick. Weak human nature craves for a rite, until by thought and effort it has attained to the power of seeing God through, and not in, his creatures. Our Lord was not unmindful of this craving when He bade His disciples, in remembrance of Him, do as He had done on the last sad night in that large upper room within the city. The very simplicity which, to the educated mind, constitutes the chief grace and virtue of Protestantism, renders it distasteful to the Oriental. How can we expect that men glutted with the coarse and grotesque pomp of the Brahminical worship can be attracted by the unadorned ritual of our Church? How can we expect that men who have been encouraged by their priests to run riot in debauchery and crime can submit to bring their bodies into subjection, and their minds into true devotion? What is there in common between the faith of Heber and Martin and a creed which enjoins suicide and self-mutilation, prostitution and murder; whose monks are fakeers; whose knights-errant are Thugs; and whose temples are little better than consecrated brothels?

In these regions the Romish Church has always been more successful than our own, for she has ever been wont to construe with considerable latitude the boast of St. Paul, and to make herself all things to all men with a versatility more to be admired than approved. One day my servant came to me in high glee, and said that, as he was passing a church, a padre who was standing in the doorway had given him a gold mohur, stamped with a figure of the Queen, and told him to come to Poojah that afternoon. On inspection the gold

mohur turned out to be a gilt copper medal with the image and superscription of the Virgin Mary. I had the curiosity to visit the ceremony to which Abdool had been invited, and found it in all essential points neither better nor worse than an ordinary Hindoo festival. There were some huge idols, which the congregation appeared to appreciate under the titles of St. Christopher and St. Lawrence as readily as if they had been called by the more familiar names of their own mythology. No element of Heathendom was wanting. Torches were flaring, tomtoms rumbling, fanatics howling, policemen bullying, stray Europeans forcing their way through the throng by dint of Anglo-Saxon energy and blasphemy. Except that the incense was somewhat better, and the priests somewhat cleaner, I might have fancied myself in the Black Town during the Doorga Poojah. It was indeed a very different picture from that presented by a gathering of native Protestants—from the white-washed walls, the modest deal benches, the homely tunes, the plain black and white costume of the officiating clergyman, the row of dull brown prayer-books inscribed with the device of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

There can be little doubt that, if we would consent to return to the system of the Church in past ages, we might Christianize the Hindoos as fast as our clergymen could get through the Ministration of Baptism to such as are of riper years. If we were to entice the great chiefs by liberal grants of waste lands, and intimidate them with threats of fine and confiscation; if we were to attach no conditions to admission into the fold save the mere naked rite of baptism; if we were to permit the neophytes to indulge to their hearts' content in lust, and perjury, and bang, and litigation; if we were to wink at their marrying a plurality of wives during life, and burning their favourites after death; if we were to encourage them to smoke opium and abstain from beef, to class Krishna with St. John, and Cali with the Holy Virgin—I do

not hesitate to assert that we might convert Maharajas by the dozen, and Zemindars by the hundred; and the populace would soon follow the example of their natural leaders. But, thank God, we have not so learned Christ. We do not profess to do evil that good may come; least of all, so certain an evil for a good so illusory. Better one true convert to ten thousand heathen, than a whole continent of mongrels, Brahmins in heart and in deed, and Christians only in name.

Our missionaries would succeed better if they were in certain respects inferior men. According to one theory very generally received, the nature of the land in India does not repay deep-soil ploughing; and the character of the people seems to resemble that of the soil which they till. In the moral world, as well as the agricultural, work may be done too scientifically. It is to be feared that we are using tools of too fine an edge. The men to impress and influence Oriental populations are not scholars and gentlemen, but devotees. The mass of the people of Hindoostan are of much the same grade intellectually and morally as the mass of the Western populations in the darkest centuries of the Christian era—those centuries which produced such an abundant crop of saints and martyrs. The peasant of Bengal could appreciate the self-humiliation of St. Paul of Thebes, the self-torment of St. Simeon of the Pillar; but logic and learning, argument and illustration, are yet, and will long be, to him but the dead letter. If an English clergyman chose to stand for twenty years at a stretch on the top of the Ochterlony monument, or take up his abode under a cocoa-nut tree in the Sunderbunds, he would have thousands of worshippers and millions of admirers; but the Bishop of Oxford or Doctor Guthrie might preach through all the cities in the north of India without making two dozen proselytes. In what terms can you appeal to the conscience, or the good sense of men who canonize a bloated sensual scoundrel for no other reason than because he has never been

known to wash himself or to wear a rag of clothing? What can you do with people who see virtue and merit in the performances of a fakeer? The highest phase of earthly existence, according to the Menu books, is the contemplation for seven years of the divine essence as represented by the tip of your own nose. If our priests would conduct the service with their right foot held over their left shoulder, if our bishops would make their visitations by rolling along the Grand Trunk Road from one station to another, we should soon have converts enough and to spare; the high festivals of our religion would be among the most popular Poojahs of the year; our churches would reek with frankincense, and glitter with the offerings of wealthy baboos; and the doors would be too small to admit the same painted, drunken, perspiring, yelling mob which crowds the temples of Juggernaut and Tripety.

However, it is possible for those who recognise this defect in the native character to make a worthy use of their knowledge. From time to time there have been men who have not hesitated to sacrifice comfort, society, so-called respectability, to the chance of doing some great thing for the cause of Christ. Sleeping in native huts, living on native food, going afoot from village to village through the sun of June and the exhalations of September, talking of Jesus to the ryots in the field, to the women at the well, under the gipsy tent in the lonely jungle, beneath the eaves of the coffee-shop in the crowded bazaar, they have shown to the heathen, and shown not in vain, that a Christian apostle may equal a Hindoo eremite in endurance and devotion. Such a man need not fear the rival influence of the most punctilious Brahmin or the most disgusting fakeer. When once the people of the country have learnt to revere him as one who courts privation and suffering, his humility and disinterested zeal give him an unspeakable advantage over the ostentatious, self-seeking professors of the baser religion.

I speak not my own opinion, but that of men who have gained by long ex-

perience the most intimate acquaintance with the native population, when I say that our missionaries will never obtain a thorough hold on the Hindoo mind until they renounce that way of life which is considered essential to the health of the European in this climate. The barbarous people around us refuse to submit their belief to instructors who live in spacious houses hung with punkahs to cool the air, and muslin netting to keep off the mosquitoes; who eat fish, and flesh, and fowl, and drink beer and wine; who bathe and change their linen twice in every twenty-four hours. We are well aware of the devotion of these our countrymen. We know that their poor little luxuries only render this country something less miserable and unwholesome to men brought up in the Sixth Form Rooms of Rugby and Marlborough, and the quadrangles of Merton and Balliol. But the people for whose sake they have come into willing exile understand none of these things. The man they go out to the wilderness to see must not be clothed in soft raiment. He must carry no silver in his purse, nor bread, nor change of coat; but, into whatsoever village he enters, he should abide in the house of the most worthy, eating and drinking such things as are set before him—boiled rice, and peas, and coarse river fish, and water from the tank; and then he need not fear lest he should find occasion to shake the dust off his feet for a testimony against that village. Our Saviour did not preach abstinence and self-mortification. He placed no merit in fasting or penance. But he knew that, when simple souls are to be won, it does not do to count the cost too closely. It was but seldom in those three years that the Son of Man had where to lay His head.

Certain societies of German Lutherans have obtained a remarkable influence over the people of the country. These men bear up the battle under the pressure of the most abject poverty, and a very good fight they make of it. At Chupra, the children of these goodfolk live on rice and curried lentils like the

young Hindoos among whom they are brought up. The parents are most thankful if the collector sends them a parcel of half-worn white trousers, or if the judge's wife looks up some frocks belonging to her little girl who sailed for England at the end of the last cold weather. Very touching are the stories which peep through the records of these small communities—how brother Friedrich was carried off by the epidemic of March; and brother Bernard, whom we had hoped to be able to afford to send to the hills during the rains, sank under a third attack of dysentery in the last week of August. But the lives of these men, and their deaths, are not without their due effect. Talking the vernacular languages with admirable fluency and precision; sympathizing with the sorrows and joys of the children of the soil; fearing nothing; doubting nothing; they go everywhere, and are everywhere welcome. A friend of mine was present at the baptism of a Brahmin of high rank, who had been convinced by the exertions and example of the German missionaries. The proselyte publicly renounced his religion in the presence of a large assembly of his friends and retainers amidst general and profound emotion. When, at a certain stage in the ceremony, he snapped with his own hands the Brahminical cord which hung about his neck, the sacred badge of his faith and grade, a long and deep moan of horror and wrath ran through the multitude. That very night the convert's house was burnt to the ground.

The searching and incessant oppression to which a native Christian is subjected by his countrymen at present forms an insurmountable impediment to the efforts of our missionaries. Among the hardy nations of the North of Europe, persecution which stops short of extermination would seem to be the most favourable condition under which a young religion can develop itself. But the mild and flexible nature of the Hindoo shrinks from an ordeal which would only add zest to the religious emotions of a Scotchman. The Free Church nowhere counts among its vota-

ries so large a proportion of the population as in the districts where, at the period of the secession, the secular authority was in the hands of violent opponents of the movement. In a village, where the attendance at the worship of the Establishment is exceptionally thin, the chances are that you will be told, on inquiry, that the father of the present laird, honest man, had always steadily refused to grant a site for a Free Kirk. But it may be questioned whether even an ardent Free Kirker would not think the most unpremeditated discourse, from the mouth of a preacher of his own choosing, dearly purchased at the cost of the suffering undergone by a converted Hindoo. The poor fellow is exposed to a subtle and constant social tyranny, which might well break a heart of sterner stuff than his. The words, "loss of caste," convey to an English gentleman's mind no more terrible idea than that of marrying his laundress; while to an English lady they imply the consequences attached to an elopement with her music-master. But they have a far more ominous sound in the ears of a Hindoo Christian. In the dark hour of obloquy and outrage he does not possess the sweetest and most effective of consolations, the sympathy of those who are the nearest to him, and who should be the dearest. The Cove-nanter who gave testimony to the death before his own hearthstone looked boldly down the barrels of the Southron carbines, because he was secure of the respect, the love, the compassion of his neighbours; because his widow would cherish the memory of her goodman with proud sorrow; because his children would never tire of telling how their sire played the man in the time of the great troubles. But the Hindoo martyr has no more bitter foes than they of his own household. His parents disown him. His wife is taught to loathe him. His very children rise up and call him cursed. It would be vain for him to ask his new masters to suffer him to go and bury his father, for the unconscious form of the sire would almost shrink on the

funeral pile from the defiling touch of the outcast son. He has not with whom to eat or drink ; with whom to sit down or stand up ; with whom to go on a journey or rest at an inn. If he offers to smoke or chat with the loungers in the bazaar, the meanest coolies would refuse to squat in the same circle as the Christian. It is hard to be unable to appear in public without being hailed as an eater of pig, and a wearer of hats, by men with whom he lived, but a month ago, in intimate converse. It is hard to be pelted through the street of the village in which he was born and nurtured with showers of dried mud and broken pottery, and unsavoury and most ungrounded assertions concerning his female connexions of many generations back. Such a trial would be severe enough for the most strong-willed Teuton ; but to the native, whose childish mind, singularly tenacious of associations, dotes upon "dustoor" or custom, this sudden breach of all the ties of family and social life is especially painful.

A native convert of rank and wealth may perhaps have no cause to dread personal violence, but his position is none the less most trying and melancholy. It is not too much to say, that the condition of an English barrister or clergyman who had turned Brahmin would be enviable compared with that of a Brahmin who had turned Christian. If it was to be announced in all the daily papers that a peer of the realm or a bishop of the Church intended to submit on a certain day to the rite of circumcision, and publicly to testify his adherence to the Mahommedan faith, we should only have a faint idea of the horror, the scandal, the indignation occasioned by the baptism of a rich and high-born Hindoo. In fact, it may be questioned whether a swell who had adopted the Brahminical creed would not find his position in society improved by his conversion ; whether his betel-box and turban would not be considered essential ingredients in every evening party of note ; whether the beauties of the season would not treat

him to the nauch of his adopted country as he puffed his bubbling hookah among the cushions of many a back drawing-room in May-fair. The native society of India, however, has not yet arrived at such a pitch of civilization as to consider singularity synonymous with fashion, and the proselyte must be prepared to surrender everything which he once held dear—the company of his equals, the respect of his inferiors, social distinction, home affection. Unless he is ready to own whosoever shall do the will of his Father which is in Heaven as brother, and sister, and mother, he must go through the dreary remainder of life uncheered by friendship and unsoothed by love.

The penalty attached to conversion is so awful, the loss of status and reputation so certain, that the majority of converts belong to that class which has little or no reputation or status to lose. The missionaries acknowledge with grief the inferior character of many among their congregations. Small as the flock is, they scorn to reckon the black sheep among the valuable stock. Mr. Greaves, of Kishnagur, says : "By withdrawing unwise and indiscriminate temporal aids from our Christians, we shall be able much better to discern the wheat from the chaff. Among our people there are not a few on whom it is worse than useless to spend our time, labour, and money. They never have been Christians, but in name. The pity is that they ever received the name." Hence arises the unfortunate prejudice against native Christians, so general in Anglo-Indian society. It is a positive disadvantage to a servant who is looking for an engagement to give himself out as a Christian. I well remember hearing some members of the Civil Service discussing the identity of a Hindoo. One of the number, a most religious and estimable man, made use of the following expression : "The fellow I mean was an awful blackguard. He turned Christian ;" and the sentiment appeared so perfectly natural that it passed without comment either from the speaker or his audience.

There remains one stumbling-block in the path of them who would bear to the Hindoo the good tidings of great joy—a stumbling-block which we have placed there with our own hands, and which we do not seem in a hurry to remove. How can the heathen appreciate the blessings of English Christianity while the practice of English Christians is what it is? Here is a peasant who, under a Hindoo landlord, has lived on the produce of a plot of ground which has been in his family for generations, who has paid a moderate rent, fixed by custom more revered than any law, and has learnt under the mild and equitable rule of his countrymen to respect himself as an independent yeoman. The estate is purchased by an Englishman, who, bragging all the while of Anglo-Saxon energy and public spirit, twists to the ruin of his tenant some one clause in a law which was compiled for his protection; and before twelve months have passed the poor fellow is a homeless pauper. With what face can an Anglo-Saxon missionary preach to that man in the name of the Teacher who warned His followers to lay not up for themselves treasures upon earth? Here is a village, whose inhabitants, time out of mind, have grown indigo for a Hindoo capitalist with profit to themselves and satisfaction to their employer. An Englishman buys the factory—an Englishman, strong in the consciousness of the great principle of the development of the resources of India—and within a few short years the thriving little community finds itself changed into a society of poverty-stricken hopeless serfs, bound to their new masters by indissoluble bonds, forged by unscrupulous shrewdness and selfish foresight. Let an Anglo-Saxon evangelist go down to that village, and stand under the ancient peepul-tree at the hour of the evening meal, and proclaim that our God is love, and that our most cherished virtue is that charity which doth not behave itself unseemly, and seeketh not her own! Here is the widow of a poor shepherd who has been butchered by the wanton violence of a European loafer, and whose

cries for vengeance are answered by the statement that the murderer was as respectable, as humane, as singularly amiable, as the murderers of natives always are in the eyes of some of our countrymen, and by the complaint that those brutes of niggers have such delicate spleens. Go to her and tell that our religion is too pure to take count of murder, because we hold that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause is in danger of his immortal soul!

In vain do the missionaries preach the gospel of love, and humility, and self-sacrifice, as long as the *Bengal Hurkaru* preaches the gospel of national hatred, national insolence, and national cupidity. In vain do one class of our countrymen call the converts "Christian brethren," as long as another class persist in dubbing them "damned niggers." To undertake the great charge of governing an alien population, and to fulfil that charge by abusing our subjects as if they were our most bitter foes; to coin their sweat into rupees, and speak of them all the while in private and public as a pack of treacherous, worthless scamps; to revile those who protect them; to hunt down and fling into jail any poor missionary who may strive to interest the people of the mother country in their behalf—a worthy comment this upon the words of Him who bade us love our enemies, bless them that curse us, and do good to them who requite that good with hate!

Even in those cases in which the errors of Hinduism have been extirpated by a liberal education there seems to be little or no disposition to admit the truths of Christianity in their place. The most ignorant and debased ryot is a more hopeful subject for the missionary than a young Brahmin loaded with prizes won at a Christian college, who talks like Samuel Johnson, and writes like Addison, and will descant by the hour upon the distinction between Original Grace and Preventive Grace. For the Hindoo mind is singularly acute and subtle, and dearly loves to disport itself in the intricate mazes of Western controversy. The cultivated native is

irresistibly attracted by the curious and complicated theological problems which at present occupy so much of the attention of all our most earnest men. He regards the doctrines of Eternal Punishment and verbal inspiration much as the Christian schoolmen regarded Plato's doctrine of ideas; that is to say, as a training-ground for the intellect, as an excellent field for mental gymnastics. While the mass of the people, like the Jews of old, desire a sign, the upper classes seek after wisdom as eagerly and insatiably as the Greeks of Athens and Alexandria. The missionaries have not failed to observe this trait. The Rev. James Vaughan, of Calcutta, writes:—"Perhaps the saddest feature of all which strikes us in dealing with the educated classes is the extent to which European infidelity influences them. Newman and Parker have long been household words with them. German and English rationalism also wonderfully strengthen their position of unbelief; and now they triumphantly point to a mitred head, and cry, 'Behold, a bishop of your own church cannot believe the Bible as inspired!'"

The nature of the process by which the weeds of Brahminism are rooted out and cleared away does not prepare the ground favourably for the reception of the seed of Christianity. The most effective spell with which to exorcise the demons of the Hindoo mythology is physical science. A native who has taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine, or who has learnt at the Presidency College all that can be taught him by a crack Cambridge Wrangler, must regard the astronomy and geography of his old religion with a contempt which will very soon include that religion itself. But, when he has surrendered his ancient creed because the priests of that creed are at strife with the European astronomers, is he likely to accept a new creed whose priests are at strife with the European geologists? Until our clergymen make their peace with Huxley they must not expect to meet with any success among the educated Hindoos. To aggra-

vate the evil, the leading Anglo-Saxon journals are furious partisans of orthodox geology. The *Bengal Hurkaru* seems unable to make up its mind which is the most heinous crime—to express sympathy with an evicted Bengalee peasant, or doubts on the extent of the Noachian Deluge. The doctrines of Sir Charles Lyell are but one degree less damnable than the doctrines of Sir Charles Wood, and the name of Professor Owen is only less execrable than the memory of Lord Canning. So that there occurs the extraordinary phenomenon of a Hindoo journalist praising the leading geologists of the day as men of profound learning and acute insight, and an English journalist sneering at them as shallow, conceited, impious blockheads.

It is most unfortunate that the present Governor of Madras should have so warmly and openly espoused the cause of the clergy against the geologists. When a man who, from his position and ability, holds so great a place in the eyes of India, goes out of his way to proclaim that the dearest interests of the Church are incompatible with the newest theories of Science, his subjects naturally enough trust him to the extent of believing that it is impossible for them to serve two masters between whom such an antipathy exists, and hasten to make their choice between Science and the Church. And how can men who have but just cast off one faith, because the tenets of that faith are inconsistent with Physical Truth, accept another faith whose tenets are declared, by the Englishman who but lately held the highest rank in our Eastern dominions, to be inconsistent with what is held to be Physical Truth by the most eminent savans of the day? What is now passing among the upper classes in India is an admirable illustration of that glorious simile by which a great and good man rebukes those who stake the truth of religion on the event of a controversy regarding facts in the physical world. "Like the Israelites in their battle with the Philistines, they have presumptuously, and without warrant, brought down the ark of God

"into the camp as a means of ensuring victory;—and the consequence is, that "when the battle is lost, the ark is "taken."

The struggle which must be gone through before a man can expel a crowd of false, but cherished, opinions, and abandon a host of idle, but familiar, ceremonies, is so intense and painful, as to leave the mind languidly incredulous, and, for a time at least, incapable of new and prolonged exertion; and the exertion of ascertaining, sifting, and accepting the varied and involved doctrines of English Protestantism, is no slight one. For Protestantism insists that her doctrines shall be judged separately on their own merits, and finally swallowed in the lump—a process which requires a peculiar conformation of intellect, which, unfortunately, is rare indeed. If we put the Bible into the hands of a man who was brought up a Brahmin, and now has no faith at all, can we, humanly speaking, be confident that such a man will evolve from the pages of the Sacred Book exactly the creed which we profess? Will he, after an unprejudiced study of the Word of God, be absolutely certain to light upon all the doctrines held by the Church of England, and miss all the doctrines which she eschews? Will he, without fail, hit off exactly that theory of the Eternity of Punishment which will put him out of danger of the Council—exactly that distinction between the conversion of the Godhead into flesh and the taking of the Manhood into God which "will put him out of danger of hell-fire? Rome has this immeasurable advantage, that she can say to the weary, wounded soul: "I am the true and ancient "Church, whose authority has descended "in unbroken stream from the rock on "which Christ himself built. Do not "trouble yourself to weigh and investigate this rite and that tenet. Perform "faithfully whatever I bid; believe "humbly whatever I enjoin; and it cannot but be well with you. Come unto "me, all ye that labour and are heavy "laden, and I will give you rest." Beautifully, indeed, has this idea been ex-

pressed by one in whose conversion she may well take pride:—

"What weight of ancient witness can prevail
If private reason holds the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou
provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory, that forbids the sight.
Oh, teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And seek no farther than Thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain
desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering
fires,
Followed false lights; and, when their
glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her
own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory, and be mine the
shame!"

The immediate prospects of missionary enterprise in India are, indeed, discouraging; but it does not follow that there is no hope for the future. However little we may have succeeded in doing towards introducing Christianity, we have done a great deal towards driving out Brahminism. The fresh air of European civilization circulates freely through every pore of this vast community. That gross and grotesque system of religion which has prevailed through so many ages of semi-barbarism, cannot hold its ground in the face of our art and science, our energy and good sense, our liberal views and purer morality. The gigantic edifice of class exclusiveness is shaken to the very foundation. The Government School had already done much, and the railroads seem likely to complete the work. A Brahmin who travels from Burdwan to Calcutta cheek by jowl with a butcher, in order to see his son go up to receive a prize at the Presidency College in company with the offspring of a sweeper, is likely to go home with some new ideas on the question of caste. Striking symptoms of the great change which is working itself out in the minds of men meet us at every turn. The ladies of one of the most ancient and respected Hindoo houses in Calcutta lately exchanged visits with the families of the

leading English public servants ; and at the Agricultural Exhibition of Alipore a day, or rather a night, will be set apart for the native women who can prevail on their lords to trust them away from the Zenana amongst Christian prize-cattle and steam-ploughs. A school has been set up for female children, to which Brahmins, of high consideration among their fellows, have promised to send their daughters ; and the more enlightened natives are agitating for the abolition of the time-honoured custom which condemns the Hindoo widow to life-long solitude and retirement, than which the genial and exciting martyrdom of the Suttee would be hardly more terrible.

The missionaries have noticed this state of things, particularly in the more immediate neighbourhood of European influences. Mr. Vaughan says: "I have at different times preached east, west, north, and south of Calcutta, and the same grand features strike one everywhere. Hinduism is dying ; yea, is *well-nigh dead*, as respects the hold which it has upon the minds of the people. It is no longer the battle-ground. During the whole tour, I have hardly met with a man who stood forth as its champion !"

It is not too much to say that an educated Hindoo almost inevitably becomes a Deist. Even the great sect of Dissenters who began by professing to extract a rational religion from the sacred books of the Veda, soon gave over playing Niebuhr, and confined their belief to the pure and eternal God. The introduction of western learning has produced upon the Hindoo religion the same effect that was produced upon the ancient classical creeds by the progress of civilization. The leading men of old Rome preserved as much of the outward forms of Paganism as their social standing and comfort might demand. They canvassed vigorously for the offices of Pontiff and Flamen. In their parliamentary harangues they used the Immortal Gods copiously enough for purposes of allusion and appeal. They never hesitated to accept a legacy on account of the sacrifices and ceremonies with which it

might be saddled. They drove triumphal cars along the Via Sacra, and annual nails into the wall of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. But, in secret, their allegiance was given to the Academy, the Porch, the Garden, or the Tub. When the day came to dine their brother augurs, it may be doubted whether the conversation ever turned on the mysteries of the art. It would be much if the master of the feast uttered the name of some favoured deity by way of preface to the first toast, as he dashed along the tessellated pavement a libation of wine drawn from a cask which remembered the Marsian war—if, indeed, any good liquor had succeeded in escaping the notice of Spartacus the Contraband. When Lentulus and Atticus entertained their colleagues of the Sacred College, the talk ran fast and free concerning the nature of pain and pleasure, the Acatalepsy of Arcesilaus, and the Cataleptic Phantasm of Zeno. The Wheel of Ixion, or the Elysian Fields, were matters which concerned such men as little as the Jewish Sabbath or the prophecies of Isis. In the same manner, a Brahmin is unwilling to surrender the estimation which he holds in the eyes of his countrymen in virtue of his religious rank and dignity. That he may not shock his weaker brethren, he continues to perform the family rites, to wear the prescribed dress, and abstain from the forbidden meats. At the great festivals he keeps open house, and fills his corridors with garlands and torches, and hires the crack dancer from Rajpootana for five hundred rupees and a pair of Cashmere shawls. But at heart he cares for none of these things. His creed is drawn, not from the rolls of the Veda, but from the pages of Locke, and Adam Smith, and Buckle. As Cicero said of the augurs of his day, it is hard to conceive how one Calcutta Brahmin can look another in the face without a smile.

And herein lies the best hope for those whose desire is set upon Christianizing India. Not in our lifetime, nor mayhap in the lifetime of our sons, will the good work come to its accom-

plishment. It will require many a decade to batter down the stronghold of tradition, and cut away the barriers of caste. When that end is attained; when a new generation has arisen that knows not Vishnu; when men who have emancipated themselves from the trammels of Brahminism rear up sons who know of those trammels only by hearsay; then, if that crisis finds us still in possession of the reins of government, we may trust that the majority of cultivated Hindoos will not be averse to accept the creed of their rulers.

To educate, to enlighten, to strike off the fetters of custom and superstition, this is the grand duty the fulfilment of which we must further by all honest means. Colleges and railroads, libraries and newspapers, national justice and moderation, national charity and conscientiousness—such are the forces with which the battle of Truth is at present to be fought. The time will surely come when we may bring up our reserves with happy effect; but that time is not now,

and to anticipate the favourable moment would be to secure us nothing save disappointment, chagrin and despondency. Let us not despair because India is not yet ripe; because, being men, we must stoop to human means; because the wind bloweth where it listeth, and not where we list. The world is so ordered that we cannot Christianize the heathen of Bengal as the Apostles Christianized the heathen of Greece and Asia Minor. To none of us is given the working of miracles, nor prophecy, nor discerning of spirits, nor divers kinds of tongues. We must labour in the way in which it is given us to labour, or not at all. And at those times when our soul grows faint within us, when the toil seems excessive, and the end remote and doubtful, we may comfort ourselves with the thought that, though there be differences of administrations, there is the same Lord, and, though there be diversity of operations, it is the same God that worketh all in all.

Yours ever,

H. BROUGHTON.

INAUGURAL LECTURE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY,

(Delivered before the University of Cambridge, February 3rd, 1864).

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

IN an inaugural lecture on Political Economy, I can hope to do little more than give a general description of the laws or truths which the science professes to expound. I shall endeavour to point out the only method of investigation which will enable us satisfactorily to prove the principles of this science. I also hope to remove some of the popular prejudice which too often is felt towards Political Economy.

Political Economy, as you are doubtless aware, is most usually defined to be the science which investigates the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth. A moment's consideration will at once show you that this definition is much too vague. The

words employed in it are so general that, unless a distinct signification is given to them, this so-called definition only serves to convey a somewhat misty idea of the scope and aims of the science. For instance, it is not too much to say that almost every discovery in physical science has exerted a very decided influence both upon the production and the distribution of wealth. This fact may be illustrated by a profusion of examples. Numerous philosophers, amongst whom Watt achieved the most signal success, gradually succeeded in applying the expansive force of steam as a motive power of almost universal applicability, and we all know that, as the steam-engine has thus been, step by step,

brought to its present state of perfection, an influence of stupendous magnitude has been exerted upon the production and the distribution of wealth. This question, therefore, is at once suggested: Is it intended that Political Economy, because it investigates those laws which determine the production and distribution of wealth, should explain all those discoveries which have enabled the steam-engine so powerfully to promote the efficiency of man's industry? Now, it must be manifest that Political Economy cannot embrace such investigations as these; for, if it did do so, it would be almost an encyclopedia of human knowledge. It therefore becomes necessary to place some restrictions upon the meaning of the general terms which are employed in the ordinary definition of this science. We are able to obtain this necessary restriction, if in a treatise on Political Economy all the physical circumstances which affect the production and distribution of wealth are assumed to be known. Thus, Political Economy must not be permitted to encroach upon the domain of chemistry in order to discuss whether this or that manure may be the most efficient fertilizer, although the national wealth and the general economy of a nation may be greatly influenced by cultivating the land in such a manner as to raise the maximum of produce. Political Economy assumes the ascertained results of chemistry, and then undertakes the important task of showing how the interests of different classes of the community will be affected, and how also the price and value of various commodities may be changed by any discovery in agricultural chemistry which may cause an increase in the productiveness of the soil. If, therefore, we bear these considerations in mind, we are able to enunciate a more precise definition, for we can now say that Political Economy investigates the production as well as the distribution of wealth, the physical facts which affect this production and distribution being assumed. Let not my hearers suppose that the limitation which is thus imposed upon the scope

of our science detracts from its utility and importance, by restricting it within a too narrow frame. It will soon be found that within this boundary problems are to be solved and questions discussed almost unlimited in number and of surpassing interest and importance. This will be immediately perceived if we take a single example, and dwell for one moment upon some of the salient features in the material condition of such a country as England.

The wonderful progress in the wealth of our country has been vaunted so frequently that it has become as familiar as a household word. During the present century the inventions of Watt, of Arkwright, and of many others who have become immortalized in the annals of physical discovery, have so powerfully aided the development of the material resources of this country that we have around us, on every side, abundant proofs of the vast accumulation of national wealth. But to this glowing picture there is a gloomy and sorrowful background. A large section of the people still live in depressing poverty, which too frequently brings acute physical suffering, and which stints the development of those intellectual faculties which give the highest nobility and greatest happiness to man. Here, then, is one problem amongst countless others for Political Economy to solve! Why does not constantly increasing wealth bring with it a happier distribution? How is it that the rich, and those who have already enough, are still becoming richer, whilst at the same time the poverty of those who are miserably poor remains undiminished? This is a problem which Political Economy can readily explain. Before a cure can be effected the remedy must be known; and, if Political Economy by discovering the remedy should assist the cure, this one great purpose achieved ought to make the science welcomed and respected by every one who has a particle of sympathy for his fellow man. I will not here further stay to vindicate the utility and importance of this study; I shall presently have to dwell on this topic

again, when I refer to the antipathy which is sometimes expressed towards Political Economy by those whom we should scarcely expect to participate in an ignorant popular prejudice; but as I have now, and as I hope with sufficient exactness, defined the scope and objects of the science, I will next proceed to consider the method of investigation which ought to be pursued in order to establish its principles.

A discussion as to the philosophic method which ought to be applied to any science must always be reduced to an inquiry as to whether its principles can be most successfully and completely established by a deductive or by an inductive method of investigation. I need scarcely tell you that the majority or the most distinguished writers on Political Economy—such as Hume, Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and Mill, as well as J. B. Say, who is, certainly, the most accomplished of French political economists—have all treated the science deductively. The late Richard Jones, the successor of Malthus at Haileybury, is almost the only political economist of any eminence who has advocated the adoption of the inductive method. His works are fragmentary. Public attention has, however, been again directed to them, from the fact that they have been lately collected and edited by Dr. Whewell. He, of course, can speak with almost unequalled authority on every question concerning inductive philosophy; and he has expressed a most positive opinion that Mr. Jones has adopted the correct method, and that all those writers who produce systematic treatises on Political Economy, based on deductive reasoning, are in error. I will endeavour, as briefly and as candidly as I can, to state the leading arguments which are advanced by these rival schools; and I will then, with confidence, leave you to judge between them.

Even if I had the time this would be scarcely the proper occasion to describe the general points of difference between the deductive and the inductive method of reasoning. I had, perhaps, better

attempt to show, by an example, how the principles of Political Economy must be established according as the one or the other method is adopted. Suppose, for instance, we wished to enunciate any general maxim with regard to the effect of protective tariffs on national wealth. The political economist who should reason deductively would start with the simple hypothesis—that man prefers a larger gain to a smaller one. From this first simple hypothesis various principles can be established; and, at length, a sufficient number of principles will be laid down to demonstrate the proposition that a protective duty must be detrimental to national wealth. If, however, Political Economy is treated as an inductive science, an entirely different method of investigation must be adopted. The proof of a general principle must then be based upon experience, or, in other words, must rest upon a collection of particular facts. Thus, it may be said, A and B are two countries which have no protective duties; C and D, on the other hand have protective tariffs. A and B advance in wealth much more rapidly than C and D; therefore it follows that protective duties diminish the wealth of a nation. But mark how this method would be at fault, if it were to be found that another country E, whose tariff was quite as protective as that of either C or D, should advance in wealth as rapidly as either of the two free-trade countries A and B. Those who have not studied Political Economy no doubt generally reason in this inductive way, when they talk about economic questions; and consequently they may, at any time, be placed in the dilemma which has just been suggested. The English free-trader, for instance, will confidently say that the remarkable progress of this country in wealth since 1848 exemplifies the advantage to be realised by the abolition of protective duties. The American protectionist may meet him with an opposite experience, and may, with a similar show of reason, assert that his own country with a protective tariff has advanced in wealth as rapidly as England.

It is easy to understand that, in all those departments of knowledge in which experiments cannot be applied, reasoning upon the experience of special facts will lead us into inextricable difficulty, such as that we have just pointed out. Any phenomenon, such as an advance in national wealth, is due to a great variety of different causes. Thus, from many other circumstances which will produce such an effect, we may select three: a tariff free from protective duties; an improvement in the means of communication; and a large expanse of fertile land always available, to supply an increasing population with cheap food. The two first of these three causes have been in active operation in England for the last fifteen years, and have exerted a most powerful influence in augmenting the national wealth. The last two of these three causes, namely, improvements in the means of communication, and an almost unlimited supply of fertile land, have produced an equally powerful effect in advancing the national wealth of America. It therefore appears that any phenomenon concerning the wealth of a nation is due to a great variety of causes, all acting simultaneously, and many of them exerting opposite influences, and thus tending to counteract each other; hence it follows, that it is possible correctly to ascertain what is the precise effect due to any one of these causes, by observing a phenomenon which it has only partly contributed to produce, unless it were possible to select two instances, which should resemble each other in every respect, with the exception that the cause whose effect we are endeavouring to ascertain, should be absent in the one instance and present in the other. Experience and observation would conclusively solve the problem of protective duties if two countries could be found whose whole economy was identical with the exception that the one had a protective and the other a free-trade tariff. If it should be observed that the latter country advanced in wealth more rapidly than the former, it would be legitimate to conclude that protection impeded the production of

wealth. In all those sciences in which the inductive method has achieved such brilliant results, the skilful investigator can create an experiment exactly adapted to evolve the truth or principle he is seeking. The chemist, for instance, if he wishes to ascertain the effect of oxygen on any combination of elements, can easily take two compounds exactly similar in every respect, except that oxygen is absent in the one and present in the other, and if he finds that the former compound is more combustible than the other, he can at once conclude that oxygen assists combustion. But, as we have before said, a political economist has none of these resources at his command. He cannot manipulate nations at his will—he cannot freely take away or add this or that circumstance to a society, and observe the consequences which ensue. But, although I have been anxious to point out that the principles of Political Economy must be ascertained by deductive reasoning from some simple hypothesis, that they cannot be established by arguing up, as it were, from special facts, yet let it not for one moment be supposed that the political economist ought to be a mere abstract thinker, isolating himself as a closet student from all the social phenomena with which he is surrounded, and the laws of which it is his business to explain. Those political economists who have committed this error—and they are not a few—have done much to impede the progress and to diminish the influence of their science. The general public are prone to say, “We have little concern with the speculations of these men, who live in a high abstract region of their own. We want political economists, not to indulge in ideal investigations, but to throw some light on the facts of every-day life.” To this desire, which is so frequently either tacitly or explicitly expressed, a political economist is certainly bound to pay particular deference. The principles of his science will never receive general acceptance, unless they are illustrated and also verified by those facts concerning the economy of a nation, with which

various sections of the community may happen to be most familiarized. I shall therefore endeavour to enforce the principles which it will be my duty to expound by showing how they explain the economic phenomena of every-day life.

Political Economy requires to be popularized, perhaps, more than any other branch of knowledge. No science is more frequently talked about; none is so intimately connected with the business of life; and yet, perhaps, none is so imperfectly understood. Those who discourse on geology and mathematics usually have some knowledge of these sciences; but you can scarcely listen to a conversation at a dinner-table, you can scarcely read an article in the daily press, or peruse the speech of a statesman, without finding that some glaring economic fallacy is unconsciously asserted and recklessly repeated. For instance, it is impossible for the slightest progress to be made in the science without understanding the nature and functions of capital; and there is not a more fundamental proposition concerning capital than that it is a fund from which the wages of the labourers are paid. Capital is the result of saving—consequently any circumstance which promotes the saving of wealth will *pro tanto* increase the capital of the country, and will, therefore, also augment the wage-fund of the country. It therefore follows that the remuneration of the labourer is increased by a saving of wealth, which tends to augment capital. Yet how few there are who clearly understand this simple truth. How often, for instance, have we heard it said that he is the best friend of the poor who spends his money freely, and thus does what he can to make trade active. The spendthrift will always receive the homage due to a popular favourite. His improvidence is half excused because people fail to see that he cannot both consume his wealth and at the same time distribute it amongst others. On the other hand, the individual who, with prudent foresight, accumulates wealth, and thus by increasing the capital of the country augments the wages of the labourer, is

not unfrequently disliked because he is supposed to be selfish. He is treated as an enemy to the poor, because people fail to understand that wealth saved as capital is intended to be employed productively, and is, therefore, destined to be distributed in wages to productive labourers. It is all the more extraordinary that fallacies as simple as the one we have pointed out should be repeated by generation after generation, when it is remembered that few sciences have a more distinguished literature than Political Economy. Adam Smith's great work, which was the first systematic treatise on the subject, was published eighty years since, and it is so perfect a model of clear exposition and felicitous illustration, that the progress the science has made since then has scarcely detracted from the interest or advantage with which this immortal work may still, and will perhaps for ever, be read. Some important truths in the science Adam Smith certainly failed to comprehend. Chief amongst these was the doctrine of rent, the true theory of which was in after years worked out by several investigators, amongst whom were Anderson, Malthus, and Ricardo. The latter's name will be for ever associated with the theory which has thrown such important light upon the speculations of modern political economists. The leading proposition of Ricardo's theory was that rent is not an element of the cost of raising agricultural produce. It is curious to remark how often Adam Smith seemed to be on the point of grasping this great truth. In fact, it affords another illustration that a discovery which immortalizes the name of one man has always been more or less dimly seen by other great men who have gone before him. It seems almost certain that the theory of rent which is associated with the name of Ricardo would have been enunciated by Hume, and would, if he had lived a few years longer, have given another proof of his remarkable genius. Adam Smith and Hume were intimate friends through life, and each felt the greatest respect for the other's intellect. "The Wealth

of Nations" was finished in 1776, and Adam Smith was anxious that the first to peruse his work should be his old friend Hume. The great metaphysician was then in his last illness. He, however, although on his death-bed, read his friend's work with all the avidity and interest of one in the prime of intellectual power, and it is a singular illustration of Hume's prescient genius that he instinctively detected the chief error which subsequent writers have pointed out in "The Wealth of Nations." Although he expressed genuine and almost unbounded admiration, yet he said to Smith, "I cannot help remarking that many of your speculations are vitiated, because you have failed to perceive that rent is not an element of the cost of raising agricultural produce." Although later writers have corrected various imperfections and errors in "The Wealth of Nations," yet I believe that he who intends to study Political Economy cannot do better than commence with this book. It is easy to point out those chapters which may, with advantage, be omitted; but the work, from its almost perfect style, will always possess a peculiar fascination, and the student may thus be induced to take a permanent interest in the science which, in the hands of less happy writers, has too frequently been made unattractive.

I would, for these reasons, strongly advise that the greater part of "The Wealth of Nations" should be carefully read; yet, when the student has obtained a certain familiarity with the elementary principles of the science, I should recommend him at once to commence a diligent study of the great work of Mr. John Stuart Mill. This is, undoubtedly, the most complete and the most perfect treatise that has ever been written on the science. Its excellence, its merits, have now received almost universal recognition. It has been translated into most European languages, and the French, who have many eminent writers on Political Economy of their own, have adopted Mr. Mill's work as the standard book on the science. It is not alone

because I wish to make you sound political economists that I shall urge you to study Mr. Mill's work. I have confidence that, if you take him as your guide in one science, he will soon become your instructor in those other departments of knowledge which his genius has so greatly illustrated and adorned, and I full well know that, if you become his disciples, you will have a master who will not only teach you with consummate skill, but, who will also animate you with the best aspirations and with the noblest sentiments. If it be true, as Lord Bacon has said, "that a knowledge of the speculative opinions of the men between twenty and thirty years of age is the great source of political prophecy," the existence of Mr. Mill will show itself by no slight or ambiguous traces in the coming history of our country; for no one has contributed more to shape the opinions of those among its younger men who give the greatest promise of future eminence and distinction.

And now that I have given you a few brief hints as to the course of study which I think you may with most advantage pursue, I will next proceed to guard you against a misconception which is repeated with unceasing pertinacity, and which is the source of much of the antipathy that is so constantly expressed towards Political Economy. "Hard-hearted and selfish" are the stereotyped phrases which are applied to this science; and a political economist exists vaguely in the haze of popular prejudice as a cold, calculating being, whose only desire is to make nations and individuals rich, and who has no sympathy with those higher motives and those tenderer feelings which most ennoble man. It will not be difficult to show that those who indulge in these animadversions upon Political Economy, would not talk more foolishly if they should be pleased to pronounce that the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid was hard-hearted, and that he who should expound the principles of Chemistry must necessarily lose sight of those mental qualities which no chemical analysis will ever explain.

We can readily trace the origin of the general misconception which exists with regard to the objects and aims to be attained by Political Economy. It is known to be a department of knowledge which is concerned with wealth; hence it is supposed that Political Economy embodies the precepts and rules for making nations and individuals wealthy; and it is then further concluded that the person who propounds and investigates these rules must believe that the accumulation of wealth ought to be the main object both of a nation's and an individual's existence. Let us proceed to disentangle this remarkable confusion of ideas. In the first place it must be remembered that Political Economy does not enunciate rules or precepts. It is a science, and not an art. A science affirms principles or truths; it states what will happen if a particular thing is done. It is a law of physical science, that a cubic foot of water, raised to a certain temperature, will be converted into a certain number of cubic feet of steam. In the same way, it is a principle established by the science of Political Economy that, if a proper division of labour is adopted, the productiveness of that labour will be greatly increased. An art, on the contrary, is a collection of rules or precepts giving instructions how a particular thing is to be done. The mechanical art would lay down rules as to the best mode of constructing a machine; and in the same way you might have an art of Political Economy, which would propound rules as to the best mode of becoming rich. Since, therefore, Political Economy is a science, and not an art, its sole object ought to be to ascertain what will be the effect upon the production and distribution of wealth of any particular cause which may be brought into operation; and Political Economy departs from its proper sphere, if it ever lays down rules, as if it were an art, and affirms that this ought to be, or that ought not to be, done. The proper business of Political Economy is not to advocate the doing, or abstaining from doing, this or that particular act;

its sole object ought to be to explain the influence which any circumstance may exert upon the production and distribution of wealth. Various other results not connected with wealth may ensue, but the investigation of these belongs to other departments of knowledge. As an example, let us consider what Political Economy has to do with the discussion of such a question as a compulsory system of national education. The legislature might propose to extend to all employments those provisions of the Factory Act which prohibit children of less than ten years of age being employed, and which compel those who are at work between the ages of ten and thirteen to attend school a certain number of hours per day. It will be most important to know what would be the effect of such a measure upon the cost of producing commodities, and upon the wages of those whose labour was subject to these restrictions. It would be the appropriate business of Political Economy to make these investigations; but suppose, when they have been made, that it should be conclusively proved by the principles of Political Economy that these restrictions increased the cost of producing commodities, and also diminished the aggregate wages received by the labourer, who may happen to have a certain number of his own children employed. Political Economy would consequently show that this compulsory system of education would offer some impediment to the production of wealth, and would also lessen the aggregate remuneration received by those labourers who have children to send to work. It would, however, be extremely irrational thence to conclude that Political Economy was opposed to the introduction of such a system of education. This science is only concerned with the question in one of its aspects; it has only to investigate the effects which may be exerted upon the production and distribution of wealth. Other consequences of far greater moment than a slight hindrance to the production of wealth may be secured if the labouring

population of this country were better educated. The political economist may be amongst the warmest advocates of compulsory national education, for he may with reason say, Although my science tells me that the production of wealth may be in some slight degree impeded, and the wages received by some labourers may be to a small extent diminished, if very young children were compelled to spend a certain time at school, yet I full well know that these advantages will be abundantly compensated by any improvement in the education of the people.

Again, let us take another example, and let us consider in what way Political Economy was concerned with such a question as the emancipation of our West Indian slaves. It must be at once evident that slavery could not be suddenly abolished in a country in which there was previously scarcely a single free labourer, without exerting a very decided influence upon the production and the distribution of wealth. It, therefore, became the appropriate business of Political Economy carefully to explain this influence. The principles of this science in the hands of a skilful investigator would have enabled him to predict that the negro race, degraded by slavery, would not, as free labourers, continue industrious, until new tastes and desires were implanted in them, as they gradually advanced towards civilization. It would, therefore, follow that the emancipation of the slaves would denude the West Indian Islands of labour, and would, therefore, for a time at least, prevent the production of wealth, by rendering the cultivation of the land almost impossible. It would also belong to the province of Political Economy to show that this destruction of the industry of the West Indian Islands would, by diminishing the supply, increase the cost of such a commodity as sugar, for the growth of which these islands possess such peculiar natural advantages. After these politico-economical investigations had been made, it would have been easy to show that the emancipation of the slaves would, temporarily, cause an

immense loss of wealth. The cultivation of fertile islands would cease, their commerce would be ruined, the cost of slave-grown commodities would be increased to the English consumer, and West Indian proprietors, in spite of the compensation which the English Government most justly proffered them, would be reduced from great affluence to comparative poverty. But, although Political Economy might have predicted all these results, would any one have had a right to assert that Political Economy was opposed to the emancipation of the slaves? As has been before said, this science expresses no opinion, enforces no rule; all that it professes to do is to trace the effect which any cause may exert upon the production and distribution of wealth. Political economists did this successfully with regard to that great measure of emancipation, which is the most glorious amongst English achievements; but, although they fully recognised the loss of wealth which would, at any rate in the first instance, ensue, yet many of them were amongst the foremost to urge that this loss of wealth should be freely borne, rather than the greatest wrong that the strong have ever inflicted on the weak should any longer stain the English name, or pollute the English character.

I trust these examples will sufficiently prove that ignorance and an entire confusion of ideas are exhibited by those who assert that Political Economy inculcates selfishness, and takes a low view of human nature. And, now that I have alluded to this very common prejudice, I will next proceed to consider another misconception. I have learnt from experience—in fact, I may say that I have learnt from recent experience—that it is very commonly supposed that Political Economy must be connected with party-politics, because the word “political” is employed to designate this science. The remarks which have just been made may, perhaps, be a sufficient refutation of this opinion: I will, however, say a few words upon it, because this error is not confined to those who are uneducated. The science, as has been so often

repeated, is alone concerned with the production and distribution of wealth. For instance, it would be foreign to the purpose of Political Economy to discuss what the national expenditure ought to be. This is a question for the politician to decide ; but, if a certain revenue has to be raised, Political Economy has the important duty to perform of showing which are the best taxes to be imposed, by pointing out those imposts which will least impede the production of wealth, and will at the same time introduce the least possible inequality in its distribution. Again, as another example, I would take the Navigation Laws, the question upon which protectionists and free-traders fought their last great battle in this country. On each side of this question, which evoked such angry party feelings, there were no doubt arranged political economists of the greatest eminence. If these laws were maintained merely as a financial measure, they must have been condemned by all political economists, because it was easy to prove that such restrictions must interfere with the production of wealth. Adam Smith stated, with remarkable clearness, all the arguments in favour of free-trade, and little has since been added to strengthen his condemnation of all protective duties considered as financial measures. But, although he spoke so strongly in favour of free-trade, yet he entertained the opinion that the immediate loss of wealth which was caused by the "Navigation Laws," was more than recompensed by the encouragement which they gave to our navy, and he, therefore, expressed a very decided opinion in favour of maintaining these laws. Adam Smith might, therefore, have been claimed as a supporter by the protectionist party, when the Navigation Laws were discussed in 1849, although he had, with unrivalled clearness, enunciated the whole theory of free-trade, and had also explained the fallacies of protection. Political Economy,

even when kept within its proper limits, is so comprehensive a subject, that I am sure I cannot do adequate justice to it from this chair. You may, therefore, feel assured that I will never touch on the domain of party-politics. I make this promise, not because I shrink from the responsibility of my political opinions. On suitable occasions, I shall never fear to avow them ; but I should be forgetting my duty if I did not strictly keep within its appropriate sphere the science which I am placed here to teach.

In conclusion, I will only earnestly entreat those Undergraduates whom I have the pleasure of addressing diligently to study Political Economy. Some of you may, perhaps, by wealth and rank, inherit political power. Your position, proud though it may be, will, in after life, trouble you with many melancholy reflections, if want of knowledge should prevent you from exercising that political influence which was placed within your reach. Others may intend to become the ministers of religion. You, in performing your mission of Christian charity and benevolence, will be brought face to face with terrible poverty : I therefore warmly urge you to make yourselves acquainted with that science which will explain to you how poverty is caused, and what are the most efficient remedies for its alleviation ; for you may depend upon it that philanthropy unguided by the principles of Political Economy has, too often, been a futile and a misdirected effort. But, whatever may be the position in life you may aspire to occupy, I still ask you, with the same confidence, to study Political Economy ; for we must all be equally interested to understand how the materials which have been so bountifully supplied by nature are fashioned into wealth, and how that wealth can be distributed so as best to minister to human wants and human enjoyments.

THE MIST ON THE MOOR.

THERE'S a cottage on Conistoun Moor to the west,
 And a wife sits sewing and singing there;
 And she rocks her babe in its cradle to rest
 With lullaby words to a lullaby air.

"While baby is young, she shall slumber and sleep,
 "And soft dreams alone around baby shall fall:
 "When baby is older, she'll watch and she'll weep;
 "For to her cares will come, as they come to us all."

There's a footstep comes nearing the lone cottage-door:
 That step to the wife is the welcomest sound:
 And scarce has he cross'd o'er his threshold before
 Two arms round the forester's neck are wound.

"O Harry, your brow is hot and dry!
 "And, O sweetheart, but your hands are cold!
 "A driving rain and a starless sky
 "Make a dull, dull night on the lonely wold.

"But change your hose that is dripping and wet;
 "And a glass of good ale, sweet and warm,
 "Will make, I warrant, my Harry forget
 "The starless sky and the driving storm."

He has sat him down by the ingle-nook;
 He has drunk his glass of sweet, warm ale:
 "But why has my husband so eerie a look?
 "And why are his cheeks so wan and pale?"

"Oh dark may the night be, and lonely the wold;
 "And a man may be weary and wet to the skin;
 "But it needs more, wife, than the wind and the cold,
 "To quell the heart of a man within.

"But sit thee, dearest, down at my feet,
 "And rest thy bonnie face here on my knee;
 "And I'll tell thee what's making my heart to beat;
 "What's making the red from my cheek to flee.

"I had left the road to save me an hour,
 "And struck up the brae to the moor instead;
 "But scarce had I reach'd old Conistoun tower
 "When the sky broke in thunder and rain overhead.

"And the fork'd lightning, blinding and blue,
 "Made the far-away peaks of the hills appear
 "As jagged and black and plain to view
 "As at summer-noon when the sky is clear.

"I stood by the wall, till the storm went by,
 "On the side that looks down over Thornton-moss;

"And over the marsh-land a mist rose high,
"And I watched it come trailing and trailing across.
"The mist was grey in the dim twilight,
"But the nearer it came, the blacker it grew;
"And I saw in its folds a terrible sight,
"As plain with these eyes as I now see you.
"There was Croft the miller, and farmer Brown;
"The squire's young boy, and keeper John;
"Your father and brothers from Appleby town,
"And the Bensons of Croft Fell, father and son.
"There was cousin Will, that went over the sea
"Three summers ago—how comes he here?
"And Ned, that has never cross'd hands with me,
"Since high words pass'd last May was a year.
"I scann'd them all from top to toe;
"I counted them over from end to end:
"There was every kinsman whose face I know,
"And every neighbour that calls me friend.
"And one by one they pass'd me by,
"Dreamlike, as still as still could be,
"With a look of wonder in every eye;
"And every eye was turn'd on me.
"Ay, one by one they pass'd me by,
"Shadowy, dreamlike; and last of them all
"Came a black-pall'd coffin, borne shoulder-high;
"Had I stretch'd out my hand, I had touch'd the pall.
"And a creeping shiver all over me ran;
"And I thought of my bairnie, and thought of thee;
"For my friends and my kin were there, every man—
"So that coffin, sweet wifey, was meant for me!"
You may hear her heart beat in the still midnight;
You may see the big tear on each pale cheek;
She is clasping his hands in her own tight, tight;
And she stares in his eyes, but she cannot speak.
"Hist! there's a noise at the window—hark!
"A mocking laugh or a cry of pain!
"Let me open the door and peer into the dark:
"Hush, wife! listen: I hear it again!"
Wistfully into the night they peer:
The wind sighs shrill through a drizzling rain:
There's a wife will be weeping ere long, I fear,
By a coffin of deal-wood, neat and plain.

D'ARCY W. THOMPSON.

TWO MONTHS IN ROME.

A COLD, dark street, as deep and narrow as a well, and lighted apparently, at rare intervals, by farthing candles; a few muffled-up forms, grumbling and hungry (for there is not the ghost of an inn to be seen), by the side of a vehicle, consisting, as it would seem, of two old yellow post-chaises cemented together, its bare pole stuck helplessly out and waiting for fresh horses. The horses arrive; the grumblers are absorbed into the vehicle; the big boots of the old conductor stow themselves into some mysterious corner above; the postilion mounts; and away, jingling and whip-cracking, creaking and groaning, between the rare farthing candles into the bosom of the night. The street was the town of Orvieto—the vehicle was the *diligence* from Florence, or rather Ficulle—and the grumblers were the passengers for Rome.

In all the world there is nothing more pleasant than a night journey behind four, or rather six, horses. I suppose that night, in that cold cramped corner of the *coupé*, was the happiest of my life. On, for hours and hours, in a sleep which is not rest but something far more delightful—that strange mixture of excitement and repose which is to be had in this and in no other way, and from which every feverish fitful waking is not to the gloom of a curtained chamber, but to the stars of a November night; lulled by the monotonous motion into a kind of apathy to which nothing could come amiss, and all that happened—even the periodical descent of the big boots and their translation into the supernal regions—seemed part of a delicious dream; on for hours, rattling merrily down transient slopes, or climbing painfully (these *diligence* horses are certainly immortal) intermediate hills; on, while the large bright stars wax larger and brighter (you are kept awake for an hour or so wondering at their marvellous size); and behind all—the background of your

dreams—if your destination is what mine was then) the shadow of a coming joy.

Social institutions, with their usual felicity, have provided that no one shall see the sun rise but those who cannot appreciate it. This is much to be deplored. "Stars fade out and galaxies, street-lamps of the city of God."¹ But, before they fade, they put on all the beauty of despair, and shine, in that hour and in that sky, with a lustre so broad, bright, and intense, that you look at them bewildered, and only after a time perceive that in the unearthly depth of their deep blue setting there is a strange look where it nears the horizon, and that a faint white radiance is gradually melting it away. And so, on that morning, I almost forgot, for a while, that day was about to dawn on the scene which, of all others, I had most longed to see; forgot for a while that in the coming brightness was not only the dawn, but Rome.

At last, it was day. The big boots, which had so long been a dream, became a fact; the six horses, which had been a sound, became a jingling, rattling reality; around us, a country undulating with low hills and grassy meads; and far away, in the south-east, a long sharp line of blue mountains, behind which, in one spot more luminous than the rest of the orange background, a few gold clouds were heralding the sun; the hills of Præneste and Tibur, of Anio and sweet Bandusia, the very "arduous Sabines," which Horace loved and sung. We opened the window, and let in some of that golden wine which, since we entered Italy, had done duty for air. Fresh, ever cold, but not ungenial, and as if still mindful of yesterday's sun—pure and sparkling as Bandusia's self—it chased away the night's fatigue. It is strange that in such air human life should be short and sickly. Look at

¹ Carlyle.

our new postilion, mounting to his perch in a dress (for as we approach the great city we put on all our finery) of the tawdry-magnificent order—he is the feeblest, most languid-looking of men; and at the two or three remaining posts between here and Rome, the haggard countenance and tottering gait of each succeeding driver testifies to the poisonous breath of that mephitic soil. But will these long weary hills never culminate, and show us the city of our dreams? For full an hour we have been straining our eyes to see it, and have seen nothing but great melancholy hillsides. At last, between high banks of brushwood, the road begins to wind downwards, and before us lies a wide sunny landscape—not a plain, but a succession of gentle ridges; and gazing eagerly forward we see on the furthest of these what looks like scattered buildings, and along the same ridge to the right of them—a Dome! Yes, that is St. Peter's; and with that view of Rome, or very little more than that, till you get there you must be content; for no clearer idea of what Rome is will gladden your eyes this day. Still the same monotonous road—the same unending rise and fall; and ever and anon, grown nearer now, the distant buildings, and the Dome. But to your left, southward of the lovely Sabines, and cut off from them by an opening through which your vision sounds the blue distance and finds it fathomless, another mountain range appears, more delicate in form and colour—they are the hills of Frascati and Albano, of Tusculum and Cicero. Suddenly you cross a bend, just seen and lost, of a noble river; noble, not for his size (though he is not small), but for the sturdy and resolute rush between high banks of his yellow waves; and you know that you have seen the Tiber, and that he is worthy of his fame. Now you are very near the city; but there is nothing to show it, except on the right, by the roadside, that one old solitary marble tomb. Now you are between white walls shutting in suburban-looking villas, with here and there some

cypresses and pines; and at the end of this road a high majestic gate, with a great statue on each side of its arch. In a moment more you are through the arch; the *diligence* comes abruptly to a standstill, and you are in Rome. The sun, flaring and streaming into your narrow den, half blinds and consumes you (though it is November) as you look round in eager curiosity, and ask yourself whether this indeed be Rome. You are in a bright "Piazza," with a fair large fountain in the midst, splashing and sparkling round the base of a tall obelisk, and many groups of marble statues circling it round, and on one side of it a high and terraced garden; and at its opposite end the bright Piazza emits, like rays, three long narrow streets, soon lost to view in the dazzling sunshine; and of these the central and the brightest ray is the famous Corso. Altogether, you would say, a pretty little modern town. Not a ruin visible; not a sign to be seen as yet that this is really Rome. The Pope's "douaniers" keep you waiting here as long as they decently can, in the absence of any reason for doing so, then mount behind your vehicle, and at a solemn pace you drive into one of the streets aforesaid, and in due time into the court of a most business-like [and unclassical-looking post-office. There, by the help of your "*lascia passare*," and a fee to a corrupt official, you are set free, and landed, by short twistings and turnings of labyrinthine streets, at your hotel.

It is my custom in a foreign town to prefer an hotel frequented by foreigners to those which my countrymen delight to honour; first, for the sake of novelty; secondly, for that of economy—not mere saving, but, on the whole, better treatment for my money; and thirdly, because I think that if the practice were universal, it would tend to remedy a great evil—the self-isolation of Englishmen. Patriotism, when it means dislike of foreigners, is a heinous and contemptible vice. And so, being established at the "*Hôtel des Etrangers*," as we will call it, though that was not its name, I looked out to survey the situation. It

was a small piazza—or, more properly speaking, a deep square hole, let into the dense mass of buildings. In the centre, a small obelisk, supported by an elephant, of cunning workmanship; one side is the hotel itself; another, the great blank façade of a church; another, a college of priests. At one of the opposite corners, close to the church, a dark archway, and a French sentry, with other French soldiers lounging, evidently a part of the Army of Occupation. At the other corner, the piazza opens to admit a small street, and the opening shows the great round battered side of some huge building, black with age, and torn and stained exceedingly, and crowned by a low, lead-covered dome. Ugly and uninteresting enough all this, you think at first. But you think rather differently when you find that within that dark archway has been held for ages, and is still held, the Court of the "Holy Office," the terrible Inquisition; and that in that very place the ministers of the God of Love and Truth tortured Galileo, till he declared that the sun went round the earth; and that the great black round is the side of perhaps one of the very greatest of all human works—the Roman Pantheon. Stroll, when you are rested, into the adjoining piazza, and judge of it for yourself. In sorrowful and awful state, defying dirt, squalor, crowding-houses, and papal belfries—defying the insult and neglect of centuries—contemptuous of criticism, and victorious over decay—it stands there, still triumphant, with the Consul's name upon its brow. Enter, and look upward; have you ever seen such a cupola? They have stripped it of its bright bronze to adorn some miserable Papal folly; but still it puts to shame all rival structures, and bends over you with a solemn majesty, not unmingled with love, though the love is probably intended rather for Raphael than for you. The only decent treatment which the Pantheon ever received from the Popes was when they buried Raphael there.

The next day, after an hour's amusing contemplation of the queer little piazza,

I sought the ruins of old Rome. I was not without misgivings. Were they all like the Pantheon, locked in the deadly, isolating embrace of the modern city,—each a scarce discoverable oasis in a sea of ugliness and dirt? I had seen Athens and the Parthenon, and they had satisfied me utterly; without alloy or impediment, there had sunk into my heart the spirit of heroic decay. Would it be the same with Rome? I consulted the map, and walked, as it seemed; in the direction of the Capitol and the Forum. A few dark, narrow streets, then a flood of sunshine, and an oblong piazza, shut in by low, mean-looking houses, and one or two flaunting churches; but, in the midst of it, something strange. A wide space, many feet below the level of the piazza, fenced round and grass-grown, and filled with pillars of grey granite, still standing, but broken short off at the waist; and at one end of it a noble column, soaring far into the sky, and wreathed from foot to head in multitudinous folds of spiral sculpture, with some history of strife and triumph. One great grey pillar, broken, but as fresh in every grain of its enormous bulk as when first it left the quarry, and wearing still on its surface the very polish which it wore—I was about to say in life—lies prostrate in the street itself, in solid, imperturbable, imperishable grandeur. It is the Forum of Trajan; or, rather, it is a fragment of his Forum, excavated and rescued by some Pope with a glimmering of taste. The Forum itself must have covered this whole region far and wide, and lies dead and buried, it is to be feared, for ever. Another street or two, and you come out upon an open space, which looks, at first sight, about the size of a village common, with a broad, straight road through the midst of it, bordered on either hand by thin, unhappy-looking streets, but the rest all gashed about in great uneven pits and mounds, yet desolate and grass-grown, as though it were long since the spade had touched it; and standing up from among the pits and mounds, which are railed off and fenced carefully round, a ruined

column or two of rare workmanship—in one place three, clamped together with iron, and supporting the fragment of a cornice; to your right, a pit somewhat larger than the rest, out of which rises an old arch of russet stone, all battered and decayed, but richly decorated; and behind the arch, a few columns, in detached groups, and of various orders, bearing always on their graceful heads some remnant of a frieze; and, looking down, you see that the floor of the pit is covered with fragments, scattered loosely along, or half buried in the mould, of fluted pillars, marble steps, and stone carvings, of rare device; and behind all, looking gloomily over it, a low, overhanging precipice, its dark face pierced and caverned and undermined with the toil of successive ages, and wearing indignantly upon its sullen brows great staring structures of the mansion-house order and mediæval taste. The rock is the hill of the Capitol, and the pits and mounds, the scattered columns and the arch, are the Roman Forum. Why, it is absolutely heart-rending. This is not ruin; it is ghastly and death-like desolation—"interesting," no doubt, especially to artists and architects (for every one of those scattered relics laughs to scorn the puny attempts of modern men), but to those who, from their very infancy, have wondered at and loved old Rome, sorrowful and painful beyond words. If she had perished utterly—swept out of existence by the waves of time like the structures of children upon the sands—it would have been easier to bear. But here—flung out, as it were, contemptuously from the modern city—you come suddenly upon her corpse, so marred and disfigured that by no effort of fancy can you picture her as she lived, and yet with trace enough of beauty left to show that she must have been glorious and beautiful beyond most earthly things.

But let us follow the straight road between the unhappy-looking trees. Except that small arch of fair proportions, which spans it a little way further, there seems nothing worth noticing on either hand; but, looking closer, you see,

on the left, a noble old portico, sunk, like the rest, below the present level of the ground, and which Theocracy, with ravenous piety, has seized and made to do duty as the front of an ugly church. Further on, great fragments of arches, or rather half-domes, of mere brick, but lined with that simple and grand device which gives half its beauty to the cupola of the Pantheon; and you are told that it is the Temple of Peace. You pass under the graceful little arch—the arch of Titus—still rich with the petrified spoils of Jerusalem; and you find that the long low hill on your right, all green and terraced and desolate, except where among dark cypresses a villa or a convent flashes out in the sun, is the Palatine, and that the artificial-looking mounds and grassy terraces are all (to be seen from here) of what was once a scene of almost unearthly splendour—the palace of the Cæsars. You may wander on that hill for days, and (especially if you are an artist) with ever-increasing delight: for from its broad plateau the views over what the guide-books call "Rome and its environs" are rich in a mournful beauty of the choicest kind; but beyond a few huge brick walls, all streaming with creepers and dark with tangled vegetation of flowery shrubs and trees, you will come upon no record of the proud and gorgeous past—except in the villa which Napoleon has bought, where they have dug down to a few old vaulted chambers, and where they turn up relics at the rate of a bust in a year. But ever in your walk you will see strewn about you fragments of rich marbles of all countries and all hues: they say that the very dust on which you tread, when it is analysed, is a powder of gems, and gold, and precious stones. But we are forgetting our straight road. After threading the arch, it dives gently downwards; and there, at the end of it, in an open space of greensward, with an orchard on either hand and here and there a cypress, stands the colossal curve of the Imperial folly—the most pathetic, and almost the grandest, ruin in the world. It was vaster than I had ex-

pected, more wrought upon by Time, and more rich in the infinite beauty of detail which, as the art-critics say, "characterizes the works of that great master." Two things are most notable in the Coliseum:—the awful desolation of the present, and the ease with which you realize the past. Standing in the grass-grown arena, which the bright morning sun had coaxed into a melancholy smile, there came before me, with a vivid and fearful distinctness, the whole scene as it was on some great festal day,—the myriads that lined the mighty walls, a flashing and palpitating multitude, tier above tier, far up into the deep blue sky; and about me, where I stood, the rush of chariot wheels, the gleaming swords, the dust, the smoke, the blood, the terrible spring of the lion—I could stand it no longer, and turned to leave the place. This was what I saw in imagination. What I saw in reality was a few haggard-looking figures moving slowly from one to the other of a few stone shrines ranged round the arena, and kissing them with muttered prayer. It seems that by a sufficient number of such gyrations you may escape the consequences of almost any amount of sin. These are the only gladiators—these the only games—exhibited there now. Spectators still look down upon them from the vast amphitheatre, in multitudes countless as of old; but the multitudes are the creeping plants, and waving trees, and tangled masses of mournful vegetation, which feed and flourish on its decay.

But if this is your first visit to Roman ruins, you must not linger here. Call one of those light open carriages, the "cabs" of Rome (you will soon see one, with a driver whose appearance will probably be that of a most consummate villain—a robber and murderer of the blackest dye—but who will turn out to be the gentlest, kindest, most amiable, and most honest of human beings), and drive out under that old arch—the arch of Constantine—standing there all neglected in the shadow of the Coliseum, and with a look as if of protest against the neglect, to the Ap-

pian Way. For a mile or so you pass along a dull road, mostly between stuccoed walls, apparently of gardens, when suddenly the driver with the delusive countenance pulls up, and asks you whether you would like to see the tomb of the Scipios. You look about in astonishment, and at last discover a small door in the stuccoed wall, over which is scrawled "*Sepulchra Scipionum.*" To pass that would be downright profanity. So you ring the little bell, which is the usual key to Roman "lions," and which is answered by a little urchin, who takes you up a few steps to a door in a great mound which looks like a heap of garden-stuff. The urchin lights two "dips," and you dive into a dark cave of no great depth—"Sepulchra Scipionum." There is no doubt that it is the very vault; but the Scipios and their urns have disappeared together, and you and the little urchin have it all to yourselves. Only here and there in a dark corner there is a loose stone with a Latin inscription, which you reverently stoop down to read. "*Fortis vir sapiensque*—that is all that Rome had to say in praise of one of her very noblest men; the rest is mere genealogy, and short concentrated narration. That is all; but would you have preferred anything else? for instance, a funeral oration *à la Française*. The inscriptions are only copies, charitably left there by the Popes, the originals, with a great sarcophagus, having been taken to the Vatican; but for me this did not lessen the pathos of the place. "*Fortis vir sapiensque*;" you cannot improve upon that; and you are all the wiser for having seen it. That single inscription explains the subjection of the world.

You drive under the grand old perishing arch of Drusus, which artists love to libel, and out upon the Appian Way. Miles away, even to the very foot of the Alban mountain, wearing Frascati like a diamond on its purple breast, basking in the mild bright sun and fanned by the soft sweet air, you pass between the sepulchres of mighty men. They are for the most

part mere mounds of earth, or piles of grass-grown brick, the very graves of graves. On some, larger than the rest, you will see a myrtle thicket, or an olive grove. On another side, as you pass along, the wild flowers on the low banks are strewn with fragments of pillars, and rich stone carvings—a hand, or a foot, or a fold of marble drapery; and here and there scientific men, who have lately—rather too lately—taken pity on the old road, have ranged upon a wall a row of busts, or some choice specimens of delicate architecture, like the rows of defunct carnivori nailed to the side of an English gamekeeper's cottage. What a place to come to, you think, day after day, and forget the irksome and wearisome present in the glorious and heroic past. As to St. Peter's, and the hundred vulgar-looking churches behind you, you despise them utterly. Modern Rome, half seen in the distance, is at this moment a nuisance—a small troublesome thing, like the rent in the camel cloak. You wish that you had time to go further, and explore more thoroughly; but now you must be tending Romewards, for the day is short, and the Sabines are beginning to look as Horace loved to see them, "when the sun had changed the shadows of the mountains, and unyoked the wearied oxen, bringing on a lovely time in his departing car." Only, on your way home, stop at the great round tomb on your right, the only one whose stone masonry has survived the assault of time; stop, I say, and get down from your carriage, and walk round it, and do homage to that which, as an Englishman, you are above all things bound to revere—a "successful man." For the man who built that tomb twenty centuries ago did what none else could do—resolved, and fulfilled his resolution, that, come what come might, in spite of the lapses of ages and the shock of elements, the memory of Cecilia Metella should not die.

The *table dhôte* at the Hotel des Etrangers is a curious scene. As the diners take their places—Germans, French, Russians, Italians, Americans,

Greeks, even Turks, and a few English—you hear a confused Babel of tongues, in which all are talking of what they have seen that day in Rome, or hoped to see the next. I observed that very few of them spoke of the ruins. Churches, pictures, sculptures, palaces, villas, were the staple of the conversation. One old gentleman was an exception. He was from the north of Italy, where he had been long a fixture among his olives and olive-branches, the latter too numerous to allow of his leaving home. At last he had grown desperate, and started alone, resolved to realize the dream of his life, lest perchance the end should overtake him before he had seen Rome. He had been since seven o'clock that morning among the ruins, and was happy. He needed no guide—he had known all that was to be known of them from his infancy, and was a "Murray" in himself.

As yet I had no sort of idea of what Rome—Rome in the aggregate—was like. The place from which to get this is the Janicular; for the other hills are mere mounds to this, and the city lies at its feet. Like all the other sights of Rome, there is nothing in the world so easy. From the crowning beauty of Acqua Felice—from St. Pietro in Montorio, which marks the spot where St. Peter suffered, and where a brotherhood of miserable monks keep up, through all the day and half the night, in a low monotonous chaunt, unintermitting prayer—from St. Onofrio, where Tasso died, and the church is full of rare frescoes, and the gloomy old cloister is warmed by the bewitching smile of one of Leonardo's very human Madonnas; but perhaps best from the Villa Corsini—you may see her as she is, beautiful exceedingly, and "interesting" beyond compare. Close under you she lies, a sea, or rather a lake of densely packed roofs, out of which rise in plentiful profusion the domes of some four hundred churches, all flashing and glittering in the midday sun:—a lake, of which the opposite shore is the Sabine range—the sunny slopes and shadowy dells of sweet Lucretilis and his train—and whose

northern limit the great restful round of the castle of St. Angelo, whose guardian angel stands dark against a blue mountain distance, as buoyant and graceful as if it were indeed a messenger of heaven, floating down upon the old city on some errand of peace and love. There she lies before you—papal and mediæval Rome. But where is the Rome, *our* Rome—the Mistress of the World? At first there is hardly a sign of her to be seen. After a time you make out, standing like a majestic rock in the sea of modern houses, the great leaden dome of the Pantheon, and here and there a column, so graceful that modern hands could not have made it; and more to the right, where the city ceases, a torn and rent brick ruin or two, and a green terraced hill on which you descry with difficulty, among mournful cypresses, other brick ruins crested with dark trees and thick-growing brushwood; and over the hill a great shattered round of dark red stone, which is the upper half of the Coliseum seen above the Palatine. Further on, long lines of old aqueduct, apparently interminable, stretch out across the sunny plain, till they lose themselves at the very base of the Alban hills; and, straining your eyes still more, you may trace, running straight as an arrow, the long sorrowful track of the Appian Way. With one bold curving sweep of his steady current—you may see from where you stand the very swirl of his sand-coloured waves—the Tiber cleaves the great city in twain, and veiling his face for a moment, as if in sorrow, when he passes the Palatine and Aventine, and the scanty records of the great old days, you see him not again till he gleams in a long reach of sunny water, far out on the lonely Campagna, reflecting its calm and verdant shores.

If, standing on this Janicular Hill, you happened to look behind you, you will have seen, a little to the left, peering over the green shoulder of the hill itself, an object which might be the dome of St. Paul's, cleaned up and enlarged. And if the next day you drive across the bridge of St. Angelo, and

under the mighty round of the Castle, eternally vexed by the drumming, fifing, fanfarronade, and pop-gunners of Gallic occupation, and along the dirty, odoriferous street before you, you will come all at once upon a vast piazza, which two massive colonnades, like arms, encircle, and over which presides the colossal façade of the greatest and most famous of all Christian churches. You leave your carriage, and walk straight up the midst of the piazza, irresistibly impelled towards the broad white steps and the great façade above them. It is of no great beauty, but of an exquisite colour—the colour (if such a thing could be) of sunlight without its radiance—and from its very size, “imposing.” Surely, I began to think, it is very grand; yes, it is magnificent; it is— There was a pause and a revulsion of feeling, for at that moment there came before me, as in a vision, the front of the Pantheon. Well, but after all, it is St. Peter's, and it is very fine; and, at all events, there is nothing to be said against that broad, radiant, gently-sloping stair, which to walk on is a pleasure, and which, feeling “small by degrees and beautifully less,” you are now ascending; and passing under the arched portico, you put aside with a nervous hand the heavy leather curtain, and stand in St. Peter's. Of course it is superb. A church so great and high, so rich in marble and gold, just in proportion and harmonious in colour, you never have seen or even imagined before. And then how wonderfully bright and new! This St. Peter's? Why, it must be a church built last year “by subscription;” or else we have been dreaming, and Michael Angelo died but yesterday. So bright and new, and with the climate of eternal spring: for St. Peter's is a city rather than a church, and has a climate, and government, and manners and customs of its own. You might walk about it for a whole day, and scarcely have seen it all. There is much in it to offend your eyes: gigantic white Popes in all directions, standing obtrusively out, and breaking the harmony of colour

and form; monuments with no merit but size; little windows which would disgrace a Scotch conventicle; and a structure of ginger-bread in the centre, which looks as if it could be flattened down like an opera hat, and be all the better for the process. But, when all is said, it is a house of prayer and praise grandly conceived and nobly executed; and standing there, at the high altar, while your eye wanders over the rich mosaics of the cupola, and soars upwards to where the blue mist gathers over the distance of infinite height, you wonder perhaps what the great Emperor, who found Rome brick and left it marble, would have said, if he had been told that then, at that very time, contemporary with him, Cæsar Augustus, there lived a man over whose grave, in his own Rome, there would one day be raised a temple costlier and more vast than any which he had designed, and that the man was a fisherman of Galilee. Musing thus one evening, about the time of vespers, I saw approaching along the marble floor a man of respectable and responsible appearance, and having about him an air of extreme good sense and shrewdness. To my intense astonishment, he turned suddenly toward a high stone chair on the left, which I had not before observed, supporting a hideous black image, sitting bolt upright with two fingers in the air, and, going directly up to it, imprinted a kiss on the toe of its right foot. I had scarcely recovered from the shock of this incident, when I saw that other persons, of every age and condition of life, were performing the same ceremony. Sometimes a little group of peasantry would kneel before the image, and then troop past it, each man kissing its toe, after carefully wiping off with his hand the kiss of his predecessor. I found that this image was originally Jupiter, but, having been turned into St. Peter by the pious authorities, had been subjected from time immemorial to this process, to which, as the King of gods and men, it was probably accustomed, but which

St. Peter himself would have been the first to repudiate. Every Roman newly married couple, after the nuptial knot is tied, proceed to clench the arrangement by this operation, and instead of a breakfast you are asked to a toe-kissing; which is less irksome, and not much more ridiculous, than the solemn flutter, chalky cake, and wearisome discourses "on this occasion," of an English wedding.

At this hour of vespers there rolls from one of the side chapels, far out among the marble recesses of the great church, the sound of a deep-toned organ and rich human voices; and in the chapel itself your senses are rapt into an Elysium of devotion by the strains of divine music, and the subtle perfumes of sweet incense, and the proud beauty of some star-throned Madonna. But if, in an unlucky moment, you chance to look at the functionaries who perform the service, your devotion is apt to vanish in an irresistible inclination to laugh. The persistence with which they turn their broad backs to the congregation; their periodical and perfumery antics; their gaudy "vestments," reminding you strongly of side-scenes and foot-lights—are to me, whatever they may be to others, the reverse of devotional. There may be proselytizing virtue in the gorgeous ceremonial which surrounds the milk-white hind; but she must mend it in these respects if she would have those who are born with a keen sense of the ludicrous to worship at her shrine.

Externally, the Vatican is to St. Peter's as a wen to the cheek of a beautiful woman. If it had been built for an International Exhibition in London, it could not have been more ugly. Internally, as all the world knows, it is decorated in a style worthy of the poor fisherman who lies hard by, and who is represented by the present proprietor. It has only some forty pictures, but every one of these is a gallery in itself; and it is so rich in sculpture as almost to defeat its own object. The interest and beauty of the statues is such that, while you are examining one of them,

you are irresistibly drawn off to another; the final result being that you have totally failed to carry away any distinct impression, except the glorious face and form of the Apollo Belvedere, which will haunt you to your latest hour. As I stood before it, I felt that I was the enemy of but one man in the world; and he was the man who "restored" the right hand. Would not mutilation left alone have been preferable to those great white stiffened fingers; as if he were a pedagogue who had just boxed the ears of a schoolboy, and not a god in the calm majesty of draconticide? "Can't you let it alone?" is a question to be addressed, not only to pragmatical politicians, but to these ruthless restorers. If only some drastic Pope would fulminate through all the galleries of Rome a decree that every "restored" statue should at once be reduced to its primordial condition, the loss of limbs and features that would ensue would be an incalculable gain for Art. - Or why should not the French General do it? They manage these things so neatly in France. "Restorations are and remain abolished" would have a racy, effective sound.

In the Vatican you will see the Sistine Chapel, interesting not for itself, but for the work done in it by the great high priest of Roman art, who built St. Peter's without pay. And if you like to sit for half an hour on the green benches, with your head thrown back till your neck is almost broken, you may make out with difficulty on the ceiling many noble designs; and if you like to strain your eyes out of their sockets, you may decipher some of the details of the Last Judgment, which is at least as grotesque as it is grand, and which the great painter must have drawn (he has introduced one or two of his good-natured friends in situations the very last which they would wish to have occupied), with reverence be it spoken, in a vein of magnificent pleasantry. But this is a rough sketch, and I am not going to write a disquisition on Roman art. One remark only I will make, and it shall not be very profound.

These sculpture galleries, so beautiful that they are worshipped by a concourse of pilgrims from every climate under the sun, are mere products of the random delving of the gardener's or the builder's spade—things unnoticed by history, and of no account in their own time. What must have been the power and splendour of that art of which these are but the refuse, or at best but average specimens? What must have been the array of which the Gladiator, the Apollo, and the Laocöon, were the rank and file? What must have been the feast of which these are the crumbs, fallen from the table of the old city, and now the glory of the new?

She is a strange weird city, this Rome. There is something about her mystical and wholly unintelligible. You begin after a time to look upon her with a certain fear, because of the mysterious infinity of her enchantments. At first she seemed but a poor place compared with what you expected—a moderately-sized, comprehensible city enough, with a great deal, no doubt, to be seen, but which could be seen in a fortnight, or thereabouts. A fortnight passes; and, though you have been lionizing from morning till night, you find that you have done almost nothing. And still, the more you see, the more there remains to be seen; and gradually the place becomes larger and more wonderful in your eyes. It seems to possess a self-expanding power. In vain you attempt to fathom the depths of its interest and beauty. It becomes unfathomable, incomprehensible, inexhaustible. Art-galleries, churches, ruins, palaces, villas;—art-galleries, which to pass once swiftly through would take you many weeks, and which to see but very imperfectly is the most for which you can hope to find time;—churches in countless numbers, rich beyond imagination in gold, and marble, and precious stones (stripped for the most part from the dead body of the old city), and rare frescoes, and sculptures above all price;—rambles for hours on some old historic hill where your steps are on porphyry and serpentine, and the great brick walls

and arches, remnants of some palace or temple, are dark with shadowy cypresses, and crowned with melancholy trees; and where you catch, from time to time—between the rents of ruin—a blue mountain distance, or a tract of sunny plain; villas, where fountains sparkle among the ilex-groves, and mountain summits, touched with snow, look down between the stems of tall Italian pines, and where, when you are tired, you may rest in halls of marble filled with forms of divinest beauty, created when sculpture lived and Greece was free;—the city itself, with its fountains, its obelisks, its piazzas, its columns, its network of streets where the sun scarcely finds an entrance, but where the antiquary may wander in a chronic rapture of discovery—its quaint courtyards, with their marble basins, and broken statues, and old houses that strike the stars—for every day a new pleasure, for every pleasure too short a day. “Il est impossible de s’ennuyer à Rome,” said the Frenchman, and felt that he had exhausted praise.

But, with a self-expanding, Rome has also a self-contracting power. She is the most enigmatical, most paradoxical, most convenient city in the world. Her streets are a maze, in which you cannot lose yourself if you will. Her attractions are infinite, but the trouble they give you is infinitesimal. She is the greatest possible city in the smallest possible compass—an ocean in a nutshell. What you have to see there is endless: but you see it with a strange facility, and you wonder the more to find that you have never seen it all.

Decidedly, whenever you are able, you should wind up your day's work upon the Pincian Hill. A fairer scene it would be hard to find. If you look down from the stone balustrade on its summit, when the sun begins to fall, you will see hundreds of carriages, all bright with flashing harness and gay apparel, begin to ascend the winding road below you, and come out on the gravel terrace where you stand. No wonder that in long procession they climb this Pincian Hill. The deep

blue overarching sky comes down so close upon its level plateau, all glowing with tropical plants—aloe, and cactus, and palm—and garden-walks winding among dark ilex-trees, that it seems to touch them;—and the loungers in the carriages, tired with sight-seeing or jaded with last night's ball, drink new life in the air that meets them—pure and fresh from the Sabine mountains—looking down over the woods upon the brilliant throng. Music plays to them through all the afternoon among the rare exotics, that seem perfectly at home in that soft dry air. Rome is at their feet, with its jangling bells, its sea of houses, and its great dome of the Pantheon standing out against the calm horizon line of the Campagna; opposite, the darkening side of the Janicular Hill, outlined with feathery pines; and to the north, seen under arches of ilex, the forms of distant hills so delicate and yet so clear that they would have driven Claude to despair. With the setting sun the carriages wind downwards again, as they came, along the zigzag road, between the palms and pines; and in a few minutes you are left alone upon the beautiful hill. But you must not leave it yet, for there ensues what you should stay to see (nowhere else will you see it to such advantage), a single combat “à l’outrance”—a combat which, strange to say, instead of a feverish excitement, will fill you with a delicious calm, and feed your eyes with beauty of colour such as you never looked upon before. It is the battle of day and night, with Rome for the victor's prize.

Walking in the streets of Rome I should say that every other person you meet is either a priest or a French soldier; the form of government being, as the world knows, a clerical despotism founded upon red pantaloons. It is not exactly the polity which one would have selected with special regard to the welfare of a people: but I am not a political traveller, and had no time to examine the institutions under which the Romans have the happiness to live. This I know, that there is no city on

the Continent where life is so pleasant and comfortable as in Rome; and for the degree of municipal merit which this may imply, let us give due credit. I was told that the place was full of brigands and thieves; and, especially, that I ought not to walk after ten o'clock at night unless in the most frequented streets. But I soon came to the conclusion that my watch was as little likely suddenly to leave my pocket in Rome as in London; and that the advice as to nocturnal excursions was not more valuable for one than for the other. Whether you would rather be stabbed with a stiletto, or stifled by the garotte process and jumped upon afterwards, is a mere matter of taste.

Among the municipal arrangements of Rome, there is one of very old date which appears to have been regarded with peculiar satisfaction by its authors, but of which I confess that I cannot approve,—the coronation of pagan columns with Christian saints. The plan has been to set up some noble fragment of the ancient city, to crown it with an Apostle, and to make it inform the public, by doggerel verses on its base, how having been dedicated by one Pont. Max. (pagan) to some mythological celebrity, it was taken in hand by another Pont. Max. (Christian) and dedicated to some holy man; and that it feels happier and more respectable in consequence. Saint Paul and Saint Peter, placed respectively at the head of long histories of battles, sieges, blood, and rapine, which enwreath the columns of Antoninus and Trajan, look singularly out of place. In front of Santa Maria Maggiore there is a fluted pillar of wonderful grandeur and beauty, which has been dragged by some Pope from the Temple of Peace, surmounted with a statue of the Madonna, and made to proclaim, in execrable Latin verse, the praises, not of the Madonna but of the Pope who placed it there—"Te, Paule, nullis obtricebo seculis." No bathos could be more complete. The obelisks are dealt with in a similar manner; and the same well-meant zeal has converted in all directions heathen temples into Christian churches;

the result being that both are spoiled. Michael Angelo knew this well; and, being ordered to turn the Baths of Diocletian into a church, left the Baths of Diocletian just as they were, with only enough alteration to save appearances, and by so doing succeeded in preserving a splendid relic of antiquity for the benefit of future times.

The French is not the only occupation of Rome—there is also the English. In the cold months they swarm in the old city, rejoicing in the unwonted sight of the real, living sun. As you walk through the Piazza d'Espagna and look up those magnificent steps where the obelisk soars up in the clear blue sky, and the beautiful church which crowns them "stands up and takes the morning," you are startled to find yourself practically in Belgravia. It is long before you can recover the bewilderment caused by the prevalence, in such a scene, of the fresh, open countenances which you have been accustomed to associate with supreme architectural ugliness. There is a building just outside the People's Gate, to which, every Sunday morning, crowds of carriages, as well appointed as in Hyde Park, are seen approaching; and the little French soldiers at the gate thrust their hands further than ever into their red pockets, and gather in small bright-eyed knots discussing "les Anglais," as the carriages, one by one, in endless succession disgorge their comfortable-looking contents. It is the English church, at the door of which you observe that two Papal gendarmes are posted, apparently lest the panther should kick over the traces. In all the galleries three-fourths of the visitors are English; and they generally express their opinions as loudly as if they were valuable. I was standing one day before Guido's famous "Beatrice," absorbed in the surpassing folly of attempting to carry away some recollection of it on paper, and during all the time interesting scraps of "Chatham's language" were buzzing about my ears. "Sweet pretty thing, isn't it?"—"Don't much like it."—"Charming!"—"H'm! it is and it isn't."—"Best thing I ever saw of

Guido's."—"One of the most celebrated pictures in Rome;" the last being a sentence read aloud by Paterfamilias, for the benefit of his daughters, from the ubiquitous Murray. "Avez vous le Guide à la Rome? Pitty—pas grande—practical—you know." This was an utterance which I overheard one day in Piale's library. He *did* know, and with a "come along old fellow, got lots to do," English Jones and English Smith, honest, patriotic fellows, who would stand no nonsense from foreigners, went off and did it. Also I remark, that for one Englishman in Rome, there are some ten English women—for which phenomenon let those account who can. "Could you tell me, sir, which are the *Sammite* and which the *Alban* hills?" asked one of these fair girls, unexpectedly addressing me at an open window of the Villa Albani. Her enjoyment of Rome from a historical point of view must have been perfect. At Florence and at Naples it is the same—the British Lion prowls conspicuous in all places. "Je crois qu'ils aiment les beaux arts," said a French friend of mine, in patronizing explanation.

Two months are but a short time in Rome; but, if you are not an idle millionaire, or an artist, come to study under Raphael or Guido when he had better have studied under nature, or an invalid sent abroad for his health wher he had better have stayed at home, you will probably have to think at the end of that time of returning to the ugliness and comfort of the place from whence you came. And, when the time for your last look at Rome is come, climb again the Janicular, and pass out at the Porta San Pancrazio, and ring the bell at a large white arch some hundred yards beyond. It is the "park gate" of a noble villa, approached by a long, winding gravel road, rising and falling in gentle undulations, reminding you strangely of England, though the woods are of ilex and Italian pine. There is the smooth, serpentine carriage-drive, the gates at intervals, and the gradual darkening of the shady trees as you come nearer to "the Hall."

But even as you pass along you catch, between the trees or sloping lawns, some exquisite Italian distance, or vignette of the Great City, with the Apennines at her back, or St. Peter's sunning himself in solitary state. An iron gate and sunk fence divide the "park" from the gardens, as you have seen it a hundred times at home; and, as you drive up to the bright little "Casino," a stately, pleasant-looking matron meets you, and shows you through the rooms. The Casino is all Italian outside; but within it you are in England again. The snug parlours—the comfortable furniture—the small dining-room, in which the Prince and Princess liked best to live—the little boudoir, with its feminine graces and comforts, which have not been touched or altered (you are told) since last *she* sat there, three long years ago, in one of her last days on earth. The Prince—the owner of the place—is never seen there now, your guide tells you, and you are not surprised. For how could he face the winding walks, the terraced flower-garden, the cool retreats, the long vistas among the stately pines—the peace, the comfort, and the beauty of the Paradise that was made for him by his long-loved English bride? There are no gay doings there now; no social gatherings on the flowery parterres—no sounds of festive laughter about the bright fountains, or from the depths of the shadowy glades—no midnight dances, with their long line of carriages rolling up from the slumbering city, and under the moon-lit trees. "Senza Signora, mai allegrezza," your conductress says, with a sigh. You mount the spiral stair, and come out upon the roof. It is a perfect, consummate panorama. Just under you is the flower-garden, with its statues and its steps, its trim walks and its neat box-edges. Westward, the ilex groves of the villa, with their gravel walks, their mossy avenues, their fountains, and their shades, secluded and shut in by a deep wood of tall Italian pines, in close, magnificent array. To the north, a long perspective of fair, open country, bordered by blue mountains; and near

you, St. Peter's, in isolated grandeur, filling a hollow of the hills. Eastward, all Rome lies stretched before you—Rome in her glory and her grief, her beauty and her despair. Beyond, the Sabines, with Tibur and Præneste hanging high upon their gentle breasts; then that fathomless interval of pure, clear distance; then the crested hills of Alba, sparkling all over with gem-like villas; and before you, to the south, where the glistening, snake-like stems of the great pine-wood come suddenly to an end, the soft, undulating bosom of the Campagna gleams for a while through their dark leaves, and then, with one great bound, stretches far away, till your eyes cannot follow it, dissolved in the mellow rays of the descending sun. You stand entranced and amazed; but before long

your eyes are caught by a solitary flower-bed cut on the green slope of the lawn, and upon it, in colossal letters of close-trimmed myrtle, each casting a long shadow in the declining day, you read the single word "Mary." It is the only record which that Eden contains of her who made it. Rome herself—old Rome, lying there with centuries of shame and sorrow upon her face, is not so deeply touching. You will never forget your last day in Rome. To-morrow you must brace your mind to look back again upon the plain, uncompromising visage of dear old, practical, sensible, money-getting England; fortunate, if you escape the hurricane which, be sure, is crouching, like a tiger in his lair, in some mysterious ocean ambush between you and sunny Marseilles. H.

A GOSSIP OVER MY PORTFOLIO.

It is the beginning of autumn, the gathering in of the full fruitage of the year. The young life which in April began faintly to stir in the larch's tasseled sprays, and the sycamore's buds, has grown lusty and vigorous, and nature is stippling her woodlands with gold and crimson. But no true autumn day is this; rather like one borrowed from young March, as he comes in with blustering port, rough, and surly, and strong. A dull, leaden sky, charged with rain, is overhead, but a keen east wind keeps back the rain, blowing in straight from the German Ocean, pregnant with the salt spray and the bitter coldness of the sea. And the wind makes sea-music too among the topmost branches of the elm-trees on my lawn, rocking the rooks to sleep in their high nests; or, if they sally out for an adventurous flight, blowing them wearily about the sky, so that it is all they can do with the strongest cleaving of their wings to steer homewards again. There is nothing to draw one out of doors. See, the wind has died away, and the rain begins to pour down in torrents.

It is essentially, then, a fireside day. The day for a novel, a history—more than all, for some book of wild sea-adventure: just the day, in fact, to read of hair-breadth 'scapes, of shipwrecks, of the solitary raft, a speck of human lives, and human interests and sorrows, alone amidst the limitless level of the greedy waves, drifting on, it may be to safety, it may be to death. For the wild wind in the tree-tops makes a fitting accompaniment to such a narrative, imitating, as it does most exactly, the breaking of the sea upon a level shore. And the dull booming roll of the surge seems to strike mournfully and forebodingly upon the reader's ear, unconsciously infusing a vivid reality into the story he is perusing.

But this will not be our recreation to-day; for, to tell the truth, we have no such means of gratifying our strong wish to change our mental horizon. Mudie's book-parcel has not yet come in, and, as for our own shelves, we have thoroughly exhausted them—at least, in respect of the light reading they contain. Some naturalist tells the story of a pet sea-

anemone to which he gave a blue-bottle fly for dinner. In the course of a few hours he saw the fly floating on the top of the water, and tried to take it out; but, lo, it was the mere empty husk or eidolon of a fly, which the anemone had rejected, having thoroughly sucked out and exhausted all the nutriment that was in it. And such we take to be pretty nearly the case with the books of travel and light reading generally on our shelves. There are the books to be sure, but the pabulum they contained is clean sucked dry, and to us they are but a congeries of paper, and print, and binding. There are books, indeed, of which one never wearies, which seem to enjoy a perpetual youth, a dewy freshness, as of the Eden dawn; and what better companions on a dull day than these? But such books, for the most part, require a strenuous attention, an effort; one must bring one's whole heart and mind to the perusal, and these to-day I cannot give; for, however much one may love to climb, there are seasons when the mind can only saunter through the green fields of literature, happy in gathering a simple flower here and there, however flat and tame the general prospect. And under this aspect alone, as wiling away many an hour which would otherwise have dragged heavily, as administering a harmless opiate to the careworn mind, or the restless spirit, good works of fiction are no slight boon to the world at large. To-day I should feel it impossible to read anything else. Who can fathom the strange influence which the weather exercises upon us? It would be no uninteresting or unprofitable task to trace this influence in the case of authors and their works; to see how the history or the poem grew into life under summer skies, or in the warmth of winter firesides, when the snow lay in drifts against the casement and the keen blast howled mournfully outside. Chatterton, writing under the mild beam of a summer moon, and Shelley when the wind blew strongly from the west, both acknowledged this influence upon their spirits and their compositions. Crabbe tells us that he wrote

best and quickest when the snow lay thick upon the ground; it braced him for his work. Yet fancy reverses the picture, and deems that the poet's eye should roll with a finer phrenzy under the glow of a summer sun, or in the shadow of green leaves.

Not being in the humour, then, for study, or work of any kind, but only desirous of some light employment which may amuse the fancy, without making any demand upon the intellect, I turn over the sketches in my old portfolio. Here I shall have just the sort of occupation I require. Many a ramble by peaceful lake, or wild mountain-side will be brought back to me: scenes fading, alas! too quickly, from the horizon of memory. And this, doubtless, is the great charm which drawing has for the hundreds who never desire to exhibit their pictures in public, or to see H. M. R. A. or any other mystic initials after their name; and who do not even care for fame of a humbler sort amongst their friends and acquaintances. Quiet, self-withdrawn, observant seekers of the beautiful and the good, it is enough for them that the dew glistens on the grass, that the sun shines, that the sky is blue. Their pleasures are simple, and therefore their pleasures are continuous. A weed gives them enough matter for meditation, and more than enough for delight. Nature is one vast harmony, and their ears are never closed: a gallery full of the most brilliant tints, and they go in and out as they list, and see with keener eyes than their fellows. The simplest curves of a leaf, or the bloom of a petal, gives them as much pleasure as most men would experience in the Trosachs or amongst the Devonshire valleys. The purple of the horizon in the flattest country, the dash of shadow upon the meadow, or glow of sunshine upon distant hills,—these, amongst the commonest sights of the commonest landscape, fill them with joy. And withal, the current of their lives runs so calmly, so peacefully! one might almost be tempted to apply to them the Psalmist's words, "They come not into misfortune like other folk, neither are

they plagued like other men." The keenest thrusts of trouble never seem to strike them down. The arrows of envy or malice glance off from them, harmless. The little annoyances of daily life do not annoy them. And in great trials, too, they show bravely. Their grief is less petulant than the grief of others. Is it that they feel less deeply? No, it is because (strange as the paradox may seem) they feel more deeply, that they sorrow less. Living much amongst realities, they are less amazed when they stand face to face with real trouble and affliction, with the last great reality—Death—than those who live with the phantoms of the world, and are ever chasing phantoms of fashion, and wealth, and pleasure. In their solitary communings with Nature they have learnt deeper lessons than those merely of the palette and the brush: they have seen fairer visions than of green leaf or purple tree-trunk; have heard finer harmonies than the rising wind makes, or the restless surge, or singing bird of sweetest note. There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them without signification,—to the attentive ear. And in these men the imagination is generally healthy and strong. Their eye stops not at the outer husk and sensuous appearance, but pierces through and through, observing all, taking note of all. And while Fancy's idle dart glances off from the hard armour of *seeming* in which all things are wrapt, for disguise or for security, the weapon of Imagination is of the finest temper, and can penetrate to their heart, to the root and origin of their *being*. At any rate, the true lover of Nature, the naturalist, the sketcher, finds somewhere a charm, cradled in the heart of creation, which is of mighty force to assuage vain regrets for the past, to drive away the small troubles of daily life, and to throw a brilliant lustre upon the hopes and the aspirations of the future.

I open my portfolio. The first sketch I meet with is taken from a steep hill, which commands a wide stretch of level country, not particularly well wooded, or watered, or moun-

tained, but simply pretty; such as are any hundred miles of our midland scenery. The hill, whose broken ground, with a few felled trees, makes the foreground of my sketch, is wood-covered almost to the top, and gashed with ravines, each with its little brook leaping from rock to rock under the interweaving boughs of the moss-grown trees. For there is much moss on the ground and on the tree-trunks and boulder-stones, chiefly, I suppose, from the moist atmosphere which fills the deep wood-clad ravines. Indeed, when the hot midday sun shoots down in long golden arrows, through the quivering leaves to the ferns which nestle in the hollows by the brook-side, a damp, fragrant steam goes up from the earth, as it were in a hot-house or a South American forest. But from the breezy hill itself, crowned with a circle of tall pines, the eye wanders delightedly over miles and miles of fresh bright scenery, meadow and arable land, and hedge-row timber, and undulating ground, and woodland, and around all the ring of purple horizon, which make up nine-tenths of our beautiful English landscape. Now, here was a scene with which I was very familiar, having traversed that hill hundreds of times; perhaps three or four times a week for some years; but which I had left a long while ago. But never had I appreciated the living beauty of that scenery in my daily walks, as now I appreciate the remembrance of it in looking at my rough, unfinished sketch; and, filled as my heart is with that fondly remembered loveliness, a strange regretful longing seizes me to go and stand once more on that pine-crowned hill, and to stamp upon my mind for ever the thousand details which I now know to be so beautiful, but which in the hurried strides of my daily business walk I had overlooked and disregarded. And I ask myself sadly, may it not be possible that I should look back with a too late regret hereafter on many kind thoughts and lovely deeds (beautiful details in the moral landscape which surrounded me!) which I was too hurried and hasty, too much preoccupied within,

to recognise before, but which might have filled my temporary sojourn here with a light and a glow it sadly needed, and have exercised an influence of good upon me which might have borne a fairer flower, and a finer fruit? It is difficult, I suppose, for most men to find beauty in their immediate neighbourhoods, especially if they are men of business, and not mere saunterers. The familiar is seldom beautiful, simply because we do not look for beauty in things upon which our eyes are accustomed to dwell; as, for instance, in the faces of those who are constantly about us. A busy man seldom looks about him much in the country through which his business takes him. He turns his thoughts inward, or talks to his companion. But let him tourise out of the beaten track, if it be only to a place twenty miles distant, and of course he makes it his business to use his eyes, and his business is then his pleasure. It is sad that this should be the case; it is sad that dwellers in pretty country places, and amidst the grandest scenery in the world, should miss much of the joy and peace which beautiful scenery was meant to infuse. But that this is very much the case with most, even lovers of the beautiful in nature and art, will scarcely be denied by those who have thought at all about the matter. I suppose that the world is too much with us, as Wordsworth says; the world of our own interests, and cares, and hopes; and that, even where selfishness has utterly abdicated its throne, the memory of former sorrows may linger amid the fair scenes we know so well, and cloud their beauty with a present shadow: as, when a fair face we loved to look upon has once been darkened with a frown, it is never so fair to us thereafter, even though the frown has passed away.

Possibly it is for this reason that artists seldom take out their sketch-books at home. The amateur, indeed, generally thinks he must go amidst wild scenery, into Wales or Scotland, or the Lakes, to find any subject for his pencil at all; haply forgetful that the artist

makes the picture and not the view, and that the tyro might spend a day in the wildest pass of an Alp, and be much less profitably and successfully engaged than if he had spent a careful hour in copying a stone and a nettle or two at his own gate. But, when artists forsake the simple and the familiar, it is oftener through fear than from contempt. For it is far easier to wash in "an effect" than it is to draw, leaf by leaf and vein by vein, the commonest herb which grows in the field. Who has ever painted a meadow in June, just before hay harvest, when the tall grass sways in billows under the soft west wind? There can be no more beautiful or rewarding subject; yet I have never seen it well worked out on canvass or on paper. Perhaps it is too laborious: perhaps it cannot be drawn at all, but only indicated with a few sweeps of the swiftest brush. At any rate, it is as easy to draw the ever changing waves of the sea as to catch and fix the gentle sway and undulation of the rippling grass, green at the root as emerald, but touched here and there on the surface with the russet of the sorrel, stippled into warmth by the red clover, specked with patches of white from tall daises, and sheeted with the golden glow of countless buttercups, whilst the floating clouds overhead dapple it with soft shadows which follow all the undulations of the ground, and throw into prominent effect a sunlit crown of white hemlock flowers on their waving spray, or the red glow of the honey-scented clover bloom.

And now, looking at the sketch I hold in my hand, I am at the seaside; standing on a boulder-strewn beach, beneath an undercliff of sandstone, seamed with blue cracks from which water drips and oozes, and patched with lichenous growth here and there. One half of the cliff is blazing in the sun, the lower half is purple, in shade; and the sea and the sky—both liquid azure, unclouded and unrippled, meet behind the red bluff headland glimmering in the noon-tide heat. There is the strip of sandy beach on which we stand, then a line of shale and ironstone, and large smooth boulders, and then the sea; zone beyond

zone of various and multitudinous life, from the strangely beautiful forms only revealed to us by the dredge, or an occasional hurried glimpse of them in their rock pools at low tide, up to the common limpets and crabs and sand-hoppers of the beach itself where the wave breaks, hissing and bubbling like champagne, and spreading out into a thin transparent film. A low line of rock runs out far into the sea, into deep water, the glory and delight of the swimmer, far beyond the surf, beyond the harsh raking of the pebbles which the retreating wave drags back. That used to be our bath. Oh, pleasant memories of summer time which this sketch recalls! of days that sped like hours upon that pleasant shore; of mornings with the dredge, or the fishing-rod, or sketch-book, and of evenings spent over the microscope, perhaps with a friend whose tastes were akin, and of the cigar and quiet contemplative talk in the verandah at night, when the ripples of the sea we overlooked were flakes of silver in the moonlight. I must look and remember no more, or I shall be packing up in a hurry, and starting for—well, we will say the North Devon coast. And this would never do. Ulysses is fast bound by duty, and may not leave his ship; and though the soft south winds, and sunshine gleams, and whispering trees of autumn beckon him, like sirens, to that pleasant shore, he will close his eyes, nor hearken any more to their song; but sail on his accustomed way, haply not the less mindful of their beauty, even when he seems to disregard it most.

Here is a figure-piece. What can it mean? A man, young and stalwart, clad in a coarse blouse like a labourer, who walks painfully on and on, with clenched teeth and fixed eyes, bearing in his arms a heavy burden,—a woman—a lifeless corpse. Behind, striving almost in vain to keep up with his irregular footsteps, runs a little child with large awe-struck eyes and wan wet cheeks, who yet stops every now and then in her running to gather wild flowers by the wayside. The landscape

is not such as we know; the flowers which the child carries in her little hand are strange to our eyes. When I say that the sketch is drawn with Pre-Raphaelite skill, I, of course, at once disclaim it as my own. But you can verily see that the man who carries the corpse staggers and trembles in his walk, and is convulsed from head to foot by some strong passionate agony; staggers under a sudden blow rather than from the weight of his burden, so fragile as it is, so thin and wasted. And no unskilful hand could have limned that face and figure of the little child, laughing and weeping at once, under the spell of a great awe, and pleased with every fresh flower-toy which meets her eye. The sketch is inscribed, "A Funeral at the Diggings, Australia, 185—." Often have I looked at this drawing, and with a sad heart worked out the sad story which it shadows forth: episode of that wonderful romance-life of which the latter half of this nineteenth century is so full. I picture to myself two loving and faithful hearts which have agreed to share this world's mingled good and evil together; gentleman and lady, or labouring man and lass, it matters little which; poor they are in worldly wealth, of course, but rich in love, in health, in hope. I like to dwell upon that early life of theirs, opal-hued, nor chilled as yet even by the shadow of the coming storm. It is in itself so sweet, so pure, so tinged with the freshness of the Eden-dawn, and with the brightness of the Paradise-glory, the alpha and the omega of man's happiness. I picture them, him in his manly strength, her in her wifely trustfulness, sailing forth beyond England's horizon to a far off land, where there will be bread for them and their children; to work out man's primeval mission, and to multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it. A year is gone by, and a little one is born to them. Two, three, four years more, and the wild current of human life has set in towards the gold fields, a fierce, tumultuous tide hurrying them with it. I see them in their little tent. I trace

them in amongst the vast crowd of civilized and savage folk;—the world turned topey-turvy: Oxford graduates keeping a hedge school, or peddling small wares; coarse, bearded "roughs" eating turtle and drinking champagne. I hear the child's baby-laughter amid the crash of a thousand cradles. But, at last, to the little tent we are watching come want and sickness. Through the thin canvass we see a dim light which burns throughout the long night; we hear the husband's despairing groan, the child's wail, the dying wife's gentle, cheering voice,—ah, what agony it hides! the prayer learnt, what ages ago it seems, in the peaceful English village church. Then the dim light goes out, and there is silence, and there is darkness. Oh, lift up the wan corpse, stricken man! clasp the lifeless form close to thy bosom, where it may rest no more on earth; veil it decently; bear it away from the crowd, the noise, the struggle, the lust of gold; bear it far off into the still and solemn woods; bury it away from thy sight, and bury thy heart and thy joy with it in the grave for ever! Gather bright flowers, little Innocent, sole mourner at thy mother's funeral; they will serve to strew thy mother's lonely grave in the dark and silent depths of the Australian forest!

The next drawing which I take out of the portfolio places us, in imagination, at evening time upon the brow of a gentle declivity that overlooks a small village nestled in the hollow of the sloping hills. You can hardly call the hollow a valley; it is not deep, or wide, or grand enough for that. It is simply a hollow scooped out of the undulating chalk-hill—may be, by the rush of some vast primeval current or tidal river. And in this hollow, sheltered from the rude east winds which sweep so wildly over the high lands just above, there has grown up a little cluster of thatched cottages around a grey flint-built church; each cottage surrounded by its little garden, and shut in with orchard hedges. The square, massive church-tower,—dark purple against the amber-lighted evening

sky—rises out of a ring of tall elms, in which the rooks love to build. And this abundance of wood in which the village nestles, gives it a home look, as contrasted with the bleak, bare downs that surround it on all sides. And the hollow, with its church and roofs, is purple grey, with a soft, floating mist of smoke rising up from the cottage chimneys: for fires are lighted now, and the evening meal is set ready for fathers and brothers, who have toiled long and wearily with scythe or with sickle in the summer heat. And the merry voices of children, whose school-work is over for the day, float upon the still air up to where we stand, softened by distance, and very musical and sweet. And in the fair, unclouded sky, with its faint gleams of light in the west; over the silent churchyard and its low, green graves; throughout all the little hollow amid the sloping hills, there is a calmness inexpressible, and rest, and peace.

I put back the sketch into its place, and close my portfolio. I have gathered food for thought therein, and must, by myself, digest it.

But, in a few last words, let me impress on all who take an interest in looking at drawings, and would gladly themselves learn to draw, but fear "they have no talent that way," that, to draw well, that is to say, to copy form correctly, is in the power of all who have ever learnt to write. The faculty itself is merely a mechanical one, and only demands, as indeed do all mechanical arts, perseverance and attention. The use of that faculty, like the use of penmanship, will, of course, be variously applied, in accordance with the taste and ability of those who have acquired it. One person only uses his pen to indite "elegant epistles" of friendship or affection; another is more reflective, and keeps a diary; a third enriches the world thereby with master-pieces which the world will not willingly let die. And so, with the pencil and brush we may aim at mere prettiness, or embody thoughts. We may wish to occupy idle hours, or to carry away with us a remembrance of pleasant times and pleasant

places. And the mere act of sketching from nature, whatever the result may be as a work of art, cannot fail to be productive of benefit both to mind and body. It takes us from the throng of cities, from the corroding cares and irritations of daily business, and sets us

in some pleasant spot, where the eye is never filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing; leaving us free to meditate, and "to delight in all that in which God delights; that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself."

LETTERS FROM COLERIDGE TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

[THE author of "Caleb Williams" enjoyed the acquaintance—and, at various periods, the correspondence—of almost every contemporary of literary celebrity. Methodical to a passion, endowed with the most indefatigable industry, he not only kept every letter of importance that came into his hands, but carefully transcribed his own when he considered that he had written anything worthy of preservation. The result has been the accumulation of a very extensive and interesting body of documents in the hands of his descendants, the more important portion of which, it may be hoped, will one day be given to the world. To it belong the letters now published, selected from a larger number proceeding from the same pen. It is not much to describe them as superior in every respect to such of Coleridge's letters as have hitherto found their way into print, since, from causes on which it is unnecessary to dwell, these have, for the most part, been little calculated to exhibit his powers to advantage. Those now published constitute, in their editor's opinion, a much more entertaining and lively body of familiar correspondence than, from the general character of Coleridge's prose style, he had been in any way prepared to expect. Though printed with but few alterations or omissions, they will not, he thinks, be found to contain a line to disturb the opinion entertained of Coleridge by those most profoundly impressed with the pre-eminence of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart.]

R. GARNETT.]

WEDNESDAY, May 21, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter this morning, and had I not, still I am almost confident that I should have written to you before the end of the week. Hitherto the translation of the *Wallenstein* has prevented me, not that it engrossed my time, but that it wasted and depressed my spirits, and left a sense of wearisomeness and disgust which unfitted me for anything but sleeping or immediate society. I say this because I ought to have written to you first; yet, as I am not behind you in affectionate esteem, so I would not be thought to lag in those outward and visible signs that both show and verify the inward spiritual grace. Believe me, you recur to my thoughts frequently, and never without pleasure, never without my making out of the past a little day-dream for the future. I left Wordsworth on the 4th of this month; if I cannot procure a suitable house at Stowey I return to Cumberland and settle at Keswick, in a house of such prospect that if, according to you and Hume, impressions constitute our being, I shall have a tendency to become a god, so sublime and beautiful will be the series of my visual existence. But, whether I continue here or migrate thither, I shall be in a beautiful country, and have house-room and heart-room for you, and you must come and write your next work at my house. My dear Godwin! I remember you with so much pleasure, and our conversations so distinctly, that, I doubt not, we have been mutually benefited; but as to

your poetic and physiopathic feelings, I more than suspect that dear little Fanny and Mary have had more to do in that business than I. Hartley sends his love to Mary.¹ "What, and not to Fanny?" "Yes, and to Fanny, but I'll have Mary." He often talks about them.

"My poor Lamb, how cruelly afflictions crowd upon him! I am glad that you think of him as I think: he has an affectionate heart, a mind *sui generis*; his taste acts so as to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct; in brief, he is worth an hundred men of mere talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells—one wearies by exercise. Lamb every now and then irradiates, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, yet is rich with colours, and I both see and feel it. In Bristol I was much with Davy,² almost all day. He always talks of you with great affection, and defends you with a friendly zeal. If I settle at Keswick he will be with me in the fall of the year, and so must you: and let me tell you, Godwin, that four such men as you, I, Davy, and Wordsworth, do not meet together in one house every day in the year—I mean four men so distinct with so many sympathies. I received yesterday a letter from Southey. He arrived at Lisbon after a prosperous voyage, on the last day of April; his letter to me is dated May-Day. He girds up his loins for a great history of Portugal, which will be translated into Portuguese in the first year of the Lusitanian Republic.³

Have you seen Mrs. Robinson⁴ lately

¹ Mrs. Shelley.

² I like him [Godwin] for thinking so well of Davy. He talks of him everywhere as the most extraordinary of human beings he had ever met with. I cannot say that, for I know one whom I feel to be the superior [Wordsworth probably is meant], but I never met with so extraordinary a young man. (Coleridge to Wedgwood, Cottle, p. 431.)

³ The letter is printed in the first volume of Southey's correspondence, edited by his son, where, however, the passage respecting the projected history is omitted.

⁴ The celebrated Perdita. She died in the following December.

—how is she? Remember me in the kindest and most respectful phrases to her. I wish I knew the particulars of her complaint; for Davy has discovered a perfectly new acid by which he has restored the use of limbs to persons who had lost it for many years (one woman nine years), in cases of supposed rheumatism. At all events, Davy says, it can do no harm in Mrs. Robinson's case, and, if she will try it, he will make up a little parcel and write her a letter of instructions, &c. Tell her, and it is the truth, that Davy is exceedingly delighted with the two poems in the Anthology.

N.B. Did you get my attempt at a tragedy from Mrs. Robinson?

To Mrs. Smith I am about to write a letter, with a book; be so kind as to inform me of her direction.

Mrs. Inchbald I do not like at all; every time I recollect her I like her less. That segment of a look at the corner of her eye—O God in heaven! it is so cold and cunning. Through worlds of wildernesses I would run away from that look, that *heart-picking* look! 'Tis marvellous to me that you can like that woman.

I shall remain here about ten days for certain. If you have leisure and inclination in that time, write; if not, I will write to you where I am going, or at all events whither I am gone.

God bless you, and

Your sincerely affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Mr. T. POOLE'S,

N[ETHER] STOWEY, *Bridgwater*.

Sara desires to be remembered kindly to you, and sends a kiss to Fanny, and "dear meek little Mary."

MONDAY, Sept. 22, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter, and with it the enclosed note,¹ which shall be punctually re-delivered to you on the first of October.

Your tragedy² to be exhibited at Christmas! I have, indeed, merely read through your letter; so it is not

¹ A loan of ten pounds.

² "Antonio."

strange that my heart continues beating out of time. Indeed, indeed Godwin, such a stream of hope and fear rushed in on me, as I read the sentence, as you would not permit yourself to feel! If there be anything yet undreamt of in our philosophy; if it be, or if it be possible, that thought can impel thought out of the usual limit of a man's own skull and heart; if the cluster of ideas which constitute an identity, do ever connect and unite into a greater whole; if feelings could ever propagate themselves without the servile ministrations of undulating air or reflected light; I seem to feel within myself a strength and a power of desire that might dart a modifying, commanding impulse on a whole theatre. What does all this mean? Alas! that sober sense should know no other way to construe all this, than by the tame phrase, I wish you success! That which Lamb informed you is founded on truth. Mr. Sheridan sent, through the medium of Stewart, a request to Wordsworth to present a tragedy to his stage; and to me a declaration, that the failure of my piece¹ was owing to my obstinacy in refusing any alteration. I laughed and Wordsworth smiled; but my tragedy will remain at Keswick, and Wordsworth's is not likely to emigrate from Grasmere. Wordsworth's drama² is, in its present state, not fit for the stage, and he is not well enough to submit to the drudgery of making it so. Mine is fit for nothing, except to excite in the minds of good men the hope "that the young man is likely to do better." In the first moments I thought of re-writing it, and sent to Lamb for the copy with this intent. I read an Act, and altered my opinion, and with it my wish.

My wife is now quite comfortable.³ Surely you might come and spend the very next four weeks, not without advantage to both of us. The very glory

¹ "Remorse." Many years afterwards, when Lord Byron had an interest in Drury Lane, he generously procured the representation of the piece, which met with great success.

² "The Borderers."

³ Mrs. Coleridge had been confined ten days previously.

of the place is coming on; the local genius is just arraying himself in his higher attributes. But, above all, I press it because my mind has been busied with speculations that are closely connected with those pursuits that have hitherto constituted your utility and importance; and, ardently as I wish you success on the stage, I yet cannot frame myself to the thought that you should cease to appear as a bold moral thinker. I wish you to write a book on the power of words, and the processes by which human feelings form affinities with them—in short, I wish you to philosophize Horne Tooke's system, and to solve the great questions—whether there be reason to hold that an action bearing the semblance of predestinating consciousness may yet be simply organic, and whether a series of such actions are possible—and close on the heels of this question would follow the old, "Is logic the essence of thinking?"—in the words, "Is thinking possible within arbitrary signs? or how far is the word arbitrary a misnomer? are not words, &c., parts and germinations of the plant, and what is the law of their growth?" In something of this order I would endeavour to destroy the old antithesis of words and things, elevating, as it were, words into things, and living things too. All the nonsense of vibrations, &c., you would, of course, dismiss.

If what I have here written appear nonsense to you, or common sense in a harlequinade of *outré* expressions, suspend your judgment till we see each other.

Yours sincerely,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

I was in the country when "Wallenstein" was published. Longman sent me down half-a-dozen—the carriage back the book was not worth.

MONDAY, Oct. 13, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I have been myself too frequently a grievous delinquent in the article of letter-writing to feel any inclination to reproach my friends when, peradventure, they have been long silent. But, this out the question, I did not

expect a speedier answer; for I had anticipated the circumstances which you assign as the causes of your delay.

An attempt to finish a poem¹ of mine for insertion in the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," has thrown me so fearfully back in my bread and beef occupations, that I shall scarcely be able to justify myself in putting you to the expense of the few lines which I may be able to scrawl in the present paper—but some parts in your letter interested me deeply, and I wished to tell you so. First, then, you know Kemble, and I do not. But my conjectural judgments concerning his character lead me to persuade an absolute passive obedience to his opinion, and this, too, because I would leave to every man his own trade. Your trade has been, in the present instance, *first* to furnish a wise pleasure to your fellow-beings in general, and, *secondly*, to give Mr. Kemble and his associates the power of delighting that part of your fellow-beings assembled in a theatre. As to what relates to the first point, I should be sorry indeed if greater men than Mr. Kemble could induce you to alter a "but" to a "yet" contrary to your own convictions. Above all things, an author ought to be sincere to the public; and, when William Godwin stands in the title-page, it implies that W. G. approves that which follows. Besides, the mind and finer feelings are blunted by such obsequiousness. But in the theatre it is Godwin and Co. *ex professo*. I should regard it in almost the same light as if I had written a song for Haydn to compose and Mara to sing; I know, indeed, what is poetry, but I do not know so well as he and she what will suit his notes or her voice. That actors and managers are often wrong is true, but still the trade is *their* trade, and the presumption is in favour of their being right. For the press, I should wish you to be solicitously nice; because you are to exhibit before a larger and more respectable multitude than a theatre presents to you, and in a new part, that of a poet employing

¹ "Christabel."

his philosophical knowledge practically. If it be possible, come, therefore, and let us discuss every page and every line.

Now for something which, I would fain believe, is still more important, namely, the propriety of your future philosophical speculations. As to your first objection, that you are a logician, let me say that your habits are analytic, but that you have not read enough of travels, voyages, and biography—especially men's lives of themselves—and you have too soon submitted your notions to other men's censures in conversation. A man should nurse his opinions in privacy and self-fondness for a long time, and seek for sympathy and love, not for detection or censure. Dismiss, my dear fellow, your theory of collision of ideas, and take up that of mutual propulsion. I wish to write more, and state to you a lucrative job, which would, I think, be eminently serviceable to your own mind, and which you would have every opportunity of doing here. I now express a serious wish that you would come and look out for a house. Did Stuart remit you 10*l*. on my account?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I would gladly write any verses, but to a prologue or epilogue I am absolutely incompetent.

WEDNESDAY, March 25, 1801.

DEAR GODWIN,—I fear your tragedy¹ will find me in a very unfit state of mind to sit in judgment on it. I have been during the last three months undergoing a process of intellectual excitation. During my long illness I had compelled into hours of delight many a sleepless painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game, and since then I have continued the hunt, till I find myself, unaware, at the root of pure mathematics, and up that tall smooth tree, whose few poor branches are all at the very summit, am I climbing by pure adhesive strength of arms and thighs, still slipping down, still renewing

¹ I think, but am not certain, that this tragedy was entitled "Abbas."

my ascent. You would not know me! All sounds of similitude keep at such a distance from each other in my mind, that I have forgotten how to make a rhyme. I look at the mountains (that visible God Almighty that looks in at all my windows)—I look at the mountains only for the curves of their outlines; the stars, as I behold them, form themselves into triangles; and my hands are scarred with scratches from a cat, whose back I was rubbing in the dark in order to see whether the sparks from it were refrangible by a prism. The Poet is dead in me; my imagination (or rather the somewhat that had been imaginative) lies like a cold snuff on the circular rim of a brass candlestick, without even a stink of tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with flame. That is past by! I was once a volume of gold leaf, rising and riding on every breath of fancy, but I have beaten myself back into weight and density, and now I sink in quicksilver and remain squat and square on the earth amid the hurricane that makes oaks and straws join in one dance, fifty yards high in the element.

However I will do what I can. Taste and feeling have I none, but what I have, give I unto thee. But I repeat that I am unfit to decide on any but works of severe logic.

I write now to beg that, if you have not sent your tragedy, you may remember to send Antonio with it, which I have not yet seen, and likewise my Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," which Wordsworth wishes to see.

Have you seen the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," and the preface prefixed to the first? I should judge of a man's heart and intellect precisely according to the degree and intensity of the admiration with which he read these poems. Perhaps, instead of heart I should have said taste; but, when I think of the Brothers, of Ruth, and of Michael, I recur to the expression and am enforced to say heart. If I die, and the booksellers will give you anything for my life, be sure to say, "Wordsworth descended on him like the Γρωθὸν αὐαντοῦ

from heaven; by showing to him what true poetry was, he made him know that he himself was no poet."

In your next letter you will, perhaps, give me some hints respecting your prose plans.

God bless you, and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

GRETA HALL, *Kewick*.

P.S.—What is a fair price—what might an author of reputation fairly ask from a bookseller, for one edition, of a thousand copies, of a five-shilling book?

I congratulate you on the settlement of Davy in London. I hope that his enchanting manners will not draw too many idlers about him, to harass and vex his mornings.

GRETA HALL, *KESWICK*.

DEAR GODWIN,—I have had, during the last three weeks, such numerous interruptions of my "uninterrupted rural retirement," such a succession of visitors, both indigenous and exotic, that verily I wanted both the time and the composure necessary to answer your letter of the first of June—at present I am writing to you from my bed. For, in consequence of a very sudden change in the weather from intense heat to a raw and scathing chillness, my bodily health has suffered a relapse as severe as it was unexpected * * *

I have not yet received either Antonio, or your pamphlet, in answer to Dr. Parr and the Scotch gentleman¹ (who is to be professor of morals to the young nabobs at Calcutta, with an establishment of 3,000*l.* a year!). Stuart was so kind as to send me Fenwick's review of it in a paper called the *Albion*, and Mr. Longman has informed me that, by your orders, the pamphlet itself has been left for me at his house. The extracts which I saw pleased me much, with the exception of the introduction, which is incorrectly and clumsily worded. But, indeed, I have often observed that, whatever you write, the first page is always the worst in the book. I wish that instead of six days you had

¹ Mackintosh.

employed six months, and instead of a half-crown pamphlet, had given us a good half-guinea octavo. But you may yet do this. It strikes me, that both in this work, and in the second edition of the "Political Justice," your retractions have been more injudicious than the assertions or dogmas retracted. But this is no fit subject for a mere letter. If I had time, which I have not, I would write two or three sheets for your sole inspection, entitled "History of the Errors and Blunders of the Literary Life of William Godwin." To the world it would appear a paradox to say that you are at all too persuadable, but you yourself know it to be the truth.

I shall send back your manuscript on Friday, with my criticisms. You say in your last, "How I wish you were here!" When I see how little I have written of what I could have talked, I feel with you that a letter is but "a mockery" to a full and ardent mind. In truth I feel this so forcibly that, if I could be certain that I should remain in this country, I should press you to come down, and finish the whole in my house. But, if I can by any means raise the moneys, I shall go in the first vessel that leaves Liverpool for the Azores (St. Michael's, to wit), and these sail at the end of July. Unless I can escape one English winter and spring I have not any rational prospect of recovery. You "cannot help regarding uninterrupted rural retirement as a "principal cause" of my ill health. My ill health commenced at Liverpool, in the shape of blood-shot eyes and swollen eyelids, while I was in the daily habit of visiting the Liverpool literati—these, on my settling at Keswick, were followed by large boils in my neck and shoulders; these, by a violent rheumatic fever; this, by a distressing and tedious hydrocele; and, since then, by irregular gout, which promises at this moment to ripen into a legitimate fit. What uninterrupted rural retirement can have had to do in the production of these outward and visible evils, I cannot guess; what share it has had in

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consoling me under them, I know with a tranquil mind and feel with a grateful heart. O that you had now before your eyes the delicious picture of lake, and river, and bridge, and cottage, and spacious field with its pathway, and woody hill with its spring verdure, and mountain with the snow yet lingering in fantastic patches upon it, even the same which I had from my sick bed, even without raising my head from the pillow! O God! all but dear and lovely things seemed to be known to my imagination only as words; even the forms which struck terror into me in my fever-dreams were still forms of beauty. Before my last seizure I bent down to pick something from the ground, and when I raised my head, I said to Miss Wordsworth, "I am sure, *Rotha*, that I am going to be ill;" for as I bent my head there came a distinct, vivid spectrum upon my eyes; it was one little picture—a rock, with birches and ferns on it, a cottage backed by it, and a small stream. Were I a painter I would give an outward existence to this, but it will always live in my memory.

By-the-bye, our rural retirement has been honoured by the company of Mr. Sharp, and the poet Rogers; the latter, though not a man of very vigorous intellect, won a good deal both on myself and Wordsworth, for what he said evidently came from his own feelings, and was the result of his own observation.

My love to your dear little ones. I begin to feel my knee preparing to make ready for the reception of the Lady Arthritis. God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

TUESDAY EVENING, June 23, 1801.

SATURDAY NIGHT, June 4, 1803.

GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—I trust that my dear friend, C. Lamb, will have informed you how seriously ill I have been. I arrived at Keswick on Good Friday, caught the influenza, have struggled on in a series of convalescence and relapse, the disease still assuming new shapes and symptoms; and, though I am cer-

M M

tainly better than at any former period of the disease, and more steadily convalescent, yet it is not mere *low spirits* that makes me doubt whether I shall ever wholly surmount the effects of it. I owe, then, explanation to you, for I quitted town, with strong feelings of affectionate esteem towards you, and a firm resolution to write to you within a short time after my arrival at my home. During my illness I was exceedingly affected by the thought that month had glided away after month, and year after year, and still had found and left me only *preparing* for the experiments which are to ascertain whether the hopes of those who have hoped proudly of me have been auspicious omens or mere delusions; and the anxiety to realize something, and finish something, has, no doubt, in some measure retarded my recovery. I am now, however, ready to go to the press with a work which I consider as introductory to a *system*, though to the public it will appear altogether a thing by itself. I write now to ask your advice respecting the time and manner of its publication, and the choice of a publisher. I entitle it "Organum Verè Organum, or an Instrument of Practical Reasoning in 'the Business of Real Life;'" to which will be prefixed, 1. A familiar introduction to the common system of Logic, namely, that of Aristotle and the Schools. 2. A concise and simple, yet full statement of the Aristotelian Logic, with reference annexed to the authors, and the name and page of the work to which each part may be traced, so that it may be at once seen what is Aristotle's, what Porphyry's, what the addition of the Greek Commentators, and what of the Schoolmen. 3. An outline of the History of Logic in general. 1st Chapter. The Origin of Philosophy in general, and of Logic *speciatim*. 2d Chap. Of the Eleatic and Megaric Logic. 3d Chap. Of the Platonic Logic. 4th Chap. Of Aristotle, containing a fair account of the *Organon*—of which Dr. Reid, in "Kames' Sketches of Man," has given a most false, and not only erroneous, but calumnious

statement—in as far as the account had not been anticipated in the second part of my work, namely, the concise and simple, yet full, &c. &c. 5th Chap. A philosophical examination of the truth and of the value of the Aristotelian System of Logic, including all the after-additions to it. 6th Chap. On the characteristic merits and demerits of Aristotle and Plato as philosophers in general, and an attempt to explain the fact of the vast influence of the former during so many ages; and of the influence of Plato's works on the restoration of the Belles Lettres, and on the Reformation. 7th Chap. Raymund Lully. 8th Chap. Peter Ramus. 9th Chap. Lord Bacon, or the Verulamian Logic. 10th Chap. Examination of the same, and comparison of it with the Logic of Plato (in which I attempt to make it probable that, though considered by Bacon himself as the antithesis and the antidote of Plato, it is *bonâ fide* the same, and that Plato has been misunderstood). 10th Chap. Descartes. 11th Chap. Condillac, and a philosophical examination of his logic, i.e. the logic which he basely purloined from Hartley. Then follows my own Organum Verè Organum, which consists of an *Evonyma* of all possible modes of true, probable, and false reasoning, arranged philosophically, i.e. on a strict analysis of those operations and passions of the mind in which they originate, or by which they act; with one or more striking instances annexed to each, from authors of high estimation, and to each instance of false reasoning, the manner in which the sophistry is to be detected, and the words in which it may be exposed.

The whole will conclude with considerations of the value of the work, or its practical utility in scientific investigations (especially the first part, which contains the strictly demonstrative reasonings, and the analysis of all the acts and passions of the mind which may be employed to the discovery of truth) in the arts of healing, especially in those parts that contain a catalogue, &c. of probable reasoning; lastly, to the

senate, the pulpit, and our law courts, to whom the whole—but especially the latter three-fourths of the work, on the probable and the false—will be useful, and partly instructive, how to form a commonplace book by the aid of the instrument, so as to read with practical advantage, and (supposing average talents) to ensure a facility and rapidity in proving and in computing. I have thus amply detailed the contents of my work, which have not been the labour of one year or of two, but the result of many years' meditations, and of very various reading. The size of the work will, printed at thirty lines a page, form one volume octavo, 500 pages to the volume; and I shall be ready with the first half of the work for the printer at a fortnight's notice. Now, my dear friend, give me your thoughts on the subject: would you have me to offer it to the booksellers, or, by the assistance of my friends, print and publish on my own account? If the former, would you advise me to sell the copyright at once, or only one or more editions? Can you give me a general notion what terms I have a right to insist on in either case? And, lastly, to whom would you advise me to apply? Phillips is a pushing man, and a book is sure to have fair play if it be his *property*; and it could not be other than pleasant to me to have the same publisher with yourself, *but—*. Now if there be anything of impatience, that whether truth and justice ought to follow that "*but*," you will inform me. It is not my habit to go to work so seriously about matters of pecuniary business; but my ill-health makes my life more than ordinarily uncertain, and I have a wife and three little ones. If your judgment leads you to advise me to offer it to Phillips, would you take the trouble of talking with him on the subject, and give him your real opinion, whatever it may be, of the work and of the powers of the author?

When this book is fairly off my hands, I shall, if I live and have sufficient health, set seriously to work in arranging what I have already written,

and in pushing forward my studies and my investigations relative to the *omne scibile* of human nature—*what we are*, and *how we become* what we are; so as to solve the two grand problems—*how*, being acted upon, we shall act; *how*, acting, we shall be acted upon. But between me and this work there may be death.

I hope your wife and little ones are well. I have had a sick family. At one time every individual—master, mistress, children, and servants—were all laid up in bed, and we were waited on by persons hired from the town for the week. But now all are well, I only excepted. If you find my paper smelly, or my style savour of scholastic quiddity, you must attribute it to the infectious quality of the folio on which I am writing—namely, "*Scotus Erigena de Divisione Naturæ*," the forerunner, by some centuries, of the schoolmen. I cherish all kinds of honourable feelings towards you; and I am, dear Godwin,

Yours most sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

You know the high character and present scarcity of "*Tucker's Light of Nature*." "I have found in this writer (says Paley, in his preface to his '*Moral and Political Philosophy*') "*more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects he has taken in hand than in any other, not to say in all others put together. His talent also for illustration is unrivalled. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work.*" And a friend of mine, every way calculated by his taste and private studies for such a work,¹ is willing to abridge and systematize that work from eight to two volumes—in the words of Paley, "*to dispose into method, to collect into heads and articles, and to exhibit in more compact and tangible masses, what in that otherwise excellent performance is spread over too much surface.*" I would prefix to it an essay containing the whole substance of the first volume

¹ Hazlitt. The abridgment was made, and published in 1807.

of Hartley; entirely defecated from all the corpuscular hypothesis, with more illustrations. I give my name to the essay. Likewise I will revise every sheet of the abridgement. I should think the character of the work, and the above quotations from so high an authority (with the present public, I mean) as Paley, would ensure its success. If you will read or transcribe, and send this to Mr. Phillips, or to any other publisher, (Longman and Rees excepted) you would greatly oblige me; that is to say, my dear Godwin, you would essentially serve a young man of profound genius and original mind, who wishes to get his *Sabine* subsistence by some employment from the booksellers, while he is employing the remainder of his time in nursing up his genius for the destiny which he believes appurtenant to it. "*Qui cito facit, bis facit.*" Impose any task on me in return.

FRIDAY, July 10, 1803.

GRETA HALL.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—Your letter has this moment reached me, and found me writing for Stuart, to whom I am under a positive engagement to produce three essays by the beginning of next week. To promise, therefore, to do what I could not do would be worse than idle; and to attempt to do what I could not do well, from distraction of mind, would be trifling with my time and your patience. If I could convey to you any tolerably distinct notion of the state of my spirits of late, and the train or the sort of my ideas consequent on that state, you would feel instantly that my non-performance of the promise is matter of *regret* with me indeed, but not of *compunction*. It was my full intention to have prepared immediately a second volume of poems for the press; but, though the poems are all either written or composed, excepting only the conclusion of one poem (equal to four days' common work) and a few corrections, and though I had the most pressing motives for sending them off, yet after many attempts I was obliged to give up the very hope—the attempts acted so perniciously on my disorder.

Wordsworth, too, wished, and in a very particular manner expressed the wish, that I should write to him at large on a poetic subject, which he has at present *sub malleo ardentem et ignitum*. I made the attempt, but I could not command my recollections. It seemed a dream that I had ever *thought* on poetry, or had ever written it, so remote were my trains of ideas from composition or criticism on composition. These two instances will, in some manner, explain my non-performance; but, indeed, I have been very ill, and that I have done anything in any way is a subject of wonder to myself, and of no causeless self-complacency. Yet I am anxious to do something which may convince you of my sincerity by zeal: and, if you think that it will be of any service to you, I will send down for the work; I will instantly give it a perusal *con amore*; and partly by my reverential love of Chaucer,¹ and partly from my affectionate esteem for his biographer (the summer, too, bringing increase of health with it), I doubt not that my old mind will recur to me; and I will forthwith write a series of letters, containing a critique on Chaucer, and on the "*Life of Chaucer*," by W. Godwin, and publish them, with my name, either at once in a small volume, or in the *Morning Post* in the first instance, and republish them afterwards.

The great thing to be done is to present Chaucer stripped of all his adventitious matter, his translations, &c.; to analyse his own real productions, to deduce his province and his rank; then to compare him with his contemporaries, or with immediate prede- and suc-cessors, first as an Englishman, and secondly as a European; then with Spenser and with Shakespere, between whom he seems to stand midway, with, however, a manner of his own which belongs to neither, with a manner and an excellence;

¹ I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping.—*Table Talk*, p. 310.

lastly, to compare Dante and Chaucer, and inclusively Spenser and Shakespere, with the ancients, to abstract the characteristic differences, and to develop the causes of such differences. (For instance, in all the writings of the ancients I recollect nothing that, strictly examined, can be called humour; yet Chaucer abounds with it, and Dante, too, though in a very different way. Thus, too, the passion for personifications and, *me judice*, strong, sharp, practical good sense, which I feel to constitute a strikingly characteristic difference in favour of the *feudal* poets.) As to information, I could give you a critical sketch of poems, written by contemporaries of Chaucer, in Germany; an epic to compare with his Palamon, and tales with his Tales, descriptive and fanciful poems with those of the same kind in our own poet. In short, a Life of Chaucer ought, in the work itself, and in the appendices of the work, to make the poet explain his age, and to make the age both explain the poet, and evince the superiority of the poet over his age. I think that the publication of such a work would do *your* work some little service, in more ways than one. It would occasion, necessarily, a double review of it in all the Reviews; and there is a large class of fashionable men who have been pleased of late to take me into high favour, and among whom even my name might have some influence, and my praises of you some weight. But let me hear from you on the subject.

Now for my own business. As soon as you possibly can do something respecting the abridgement of Tucker,¹ do so; you will, on my honour, be doing *good*, in the best sense of the word! Of course I cannot wish you to do anything till after the 24th, unless it should be put in your way to read that part of the letter to Phillips.

As to my own work, let me correct one or two conceptions of yours respecting it. I could, no doubt, induce my friends to publish the work for me, but

¹ Godwin exerted himself actively in the matter, as appears by the correspondence of Charles Lamb.

I am possessed of facts that deter me. I know that the booksellers not only do not encourage, but that they use unjustifiable artifices to injure works published on the authors' own account. It never answered, as far as I can find, in any instance. And even the sale of a first edition is not without objections on this score—to this, however, I should certainly adhere, and it is my resolution. But I must do something immediately. Now, if I knew that any bookseller would purchase the first edition of this work, as numerous as he pleased, I should put the work out of hand at once, *totus in illo*. But it was never my intention to send one single sheet to the press till the whole was *bonâ fide* ready for the printer—that is, both written, and fairly written. The work is half written out, and the *materials* of the other half are all in paper, or rather on papers. I should not expect one farthing till the work was delivered entire; and I would deliver it at once, if it were wished. But, if I cannot engage with a bookseller for this, I must do something else *first*, which I should be sorry for. Your division of the *series* of works acceptable to booksellers is just, and what has been always my own notion or rather knowledge; but, though I detailed the whole of the contents of my work so fully to you, I did not mean to lay any stress with the bookseller on the first half, but simply state it as preceded by a familiar introduction, and critical history of logic. On the work itself I meant to lay all the stress, as a work really in request, and non-existent, either well or ill-done, and to put the work in the *same class* with "Guthrie," and books of practical instruction—for the universities, classes of scholars, lawyers, &c. &c. Its profitable sale will greatly depend on the pushing of the booksellers, and on its being considered as a *practical* book, Organum *verè* Organum, a book by which the reader is to acquire not only knowledge, but likewise *power*. I fear that it may extend to seven hundred pages; and would it be better to publish the Introduction of History separately, either after or before? God bless you, and all

belonging to you, and your Chaucer. All happiness to you and your wife.

Ever yours,

S. T. C.

P.S. If you read to Phillips any part of my letter respecting my own work, or rather detailed it to him, you would lay all the stress on the *practical*.

TUESDAY, March 26, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—Mr. Grattan did me the honour of calling on me, and leaving his card, on Sunday afternoon, unfortunately a few minutes after I had gone out—and I am so unwell, that I fear I shall not be able to return the call to-day, as I had intended, though it is a grief even for a brace of days to appear insensible of so much kindness and condescension. But what need has Grattan of pride?

"Ha d'nopo solo
Mendicar dall' orgoglio onore e stima,
Chi senza lui di vilipendio é degno."

Chiabrera.

I half caught from Lamb that you had written to Wordsworth, with a wish that he should versify some tale or other, and that Wordsworth had declined it. I told dear Miss Lamb that I had formed a complete plan of a poem, with little plates for children, the *first* thought, but that alone, taken from Gesner's "First Mariner;" and this thought, I have reason to believe, was not an invention of Gesner's. It is this—that in early times, in some island or part of the Continent, the ocean had washed in, overflowing a vast plain of twenty or thirty miles, and thereby *insulating* one small promontory or cape of high land, on which was a cottage, containing a man and his wife, and an infant daughter. This is the *one* thought; all that Gesner has made out of it—(and I once translated into blank verse about half of the poem, but gave it up under the influence of a double disgust, moral and poetical)—I have rejected; and, strictly speaking, the tale in all its parts, that one idea excepted, would be original. The tale will contain the curse, the occasions,

the process, with all its failures and ultimate success, of the construction of the first boat, and of the undertaking of the first naval expedition. Now, supposing you liked the idea (I address you and Mrs. G., and as *commendants*, not you as the philosopher who gave us the first system in England that ever dared reveal at full that most important of all important truths, that morality might be built on its own foundation, like a castle built *from* the rock and *on* the rock, with religion for the ornaments and completion of its roof and upper stories—nor as the critic who, in the life of Chaucer, has given us, if not principles of *aesthetic* or taste, yet more and better data for principles than had hitherto existed in our language)—if (we pulling like two friendly tradesmen together, for you and your wife *must* be one flesh, and I trust *are* one heart) you approve of the plan, the next question is, Whether it should be written in prose or in verse, and if the latter, in what metre—stanzas, or eight-syllable iambics with rhymes (for in rhyme it must be), now in couplets and now in quatrains, in the manner of Cooper's admirable translation of the *Vert-Vert* of Gresset. (N.B. not *Couper*).

Another thought has struck me within the last month, of a school-book in two octavo volumes, of Lives in the manner of Plutarch—not, indeed, of comparing and coupling Greek with Roman, Dion with Brutus, and Cato with Aristides, of placing ancient and modern together: Numa with Alfred, Cicero with Bacon, Hannibal with Gustavus Adolphus, and Julius Cæsar with Buonaparte—or what perhaps might be at once more interesting and more instructive, a series of lives, from Moses to Buonaparte, of all those great men, who in states or in the mind of man had produced great revolutions, the effects of which still remain, and are more or less distant causes of the present state of the world.

I remain, with unfeigned and affectionate esteem,

Yours, dear Godwin,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Godwin replied to Coleridge's letter as follows :—]

March 27, 1811.

DEAR COLERIDGE,—I am much gratified by your yesterday's letter, as I shall always be by every approach to a coincidence of sentiment on the part of a man of your originality and learning. I published my sentiments respecting the welfare and happiness of the human species, from a heart filled with a sincere conviction of the truth of the tenets I delivered, and which was no longer able to keep them pent up within itself; and it gives me a pain which few men can comprehend, when I see such persons as Southey¹ and others who, I am told, are also honest and philanthropical, treat my efforts not only with disdain, but with something like abhorrence. Thank God! I have never had the persuasion as to the singleness of heart of that man, with which you have been impressed: otherwise nothing can be more disheartening than to see the few, who are able, and ought to be willing, to co-operate for general good, doing their utmost to destroy their kind. Indeed, I am convinced that (separately from the uncontrollable hostility of fighting religious creeds) this cannot be; and of consequence, that the man who does not understand me and my intentions, wants the chord in his own bosom, which (if it existed) could not fail to vibrate in unison with mine.

I like exceedingly the plan you have sketched of a first mariner. Mrs. Godwin and I have read it together; and she has no other fear respecting it, but lest you should take it in too high a key, and put into it the metaphysics and abstrusenesses in which you are so eminently at home. There should not be a sentence—not even a line—in a book intended for children, of which a child might not fairly be expected to conceive an idea. In answer to your queries of the form, I conceive a short essay which is to be illustrated with

¹ Southey's dislike of Godwin was to a great extent personal. He never forgave his second marriage.

various plates, ought to be in verse: further than this I dare not go; I think the author who does not consult his own genius unshackled, and inquire within himself what style, and what scheme of harmony most naturally springs out of his conceptions, can scarcely be expected to do well.

I am bound to add, that the encouragement which my limited means and infant trade allow me to afford to intellectual application and industry, would, I am afraid, be wholly beneath your attention. If love and a crust would tempt you to co-operate in my little scheme for refining and elevating the circle of juvenile studies, it is well, but

"If these be motives weak, break off betimes!"

Such as I have (and I will not absolutely say, with the Apostles, "silver and gold have I none") I tender unto you.

Mrs. Godwin desires me to express the great pleasure with which she read your letter, and her best wishes in your favour.

I remain, with great regard,
Yours,

W. GODWIN.

FRIDAY MORNING, March 29, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—My chief motive in undertaking "The First Mariner" is merely to weave a few tendrils around your destined walking-stick, which, like those of the woodbine (that, serpent-like climbing up, and with tight spires embossing the straight hazel, rewards the lucky schoolboy's search in the winter copse) may remain on it, when the woodbine, root and branch, lies trampled in the earth. I shall consider the work as a small plot of ground given up to you, to be sown at your own hazard with your own seed (gold-grains would have been but a bad saw, and besides have spoilt the metaphor). If the increase should more than repay your risk and labour, why then let me be one of your guests at Hencot House. Your last letter impressed and affected

me strongly. Ere I had yet read or seen your works, I, at Southey's recommendation, wrote a sonnet in praise of the author. When I had read them, religious bigotry, the but half-understanding your principles, and the *not* half-understanding my own, combined to render me a warm and boisterous anti-Godwinist. But my warfare was open; my unfelt and harmless blows aimed at an abstraction I had christened with your name; and at that time, if not in the world's favor, you were among the captains and chief men in its admiration. I became your acquaintance, when more years had brought somewhat more temper and tolerance; but I distinctly remember that the first turn in my mind towards you, the first movements of a juster appreciation of your merits, was occasioned by my disgust at the altered tone of language of many whom I had long known as your admirers and disciples—some of them, too, men who had made themselves a sort of reputation in minor circles as your acquaintances, and therefore your echoes by authority, who had themselves aided in attaching an unmerited ridicule to you and your opinions by their own ignorance, which led them to think the best settled truths, and indeed *every* thing in your "Political Justice," whether assertion, or deduction, or conjecture, to have been new thoughts—downright creations! and by their own vanity, which enabled them to forget that everything must be new to him who knows *nothing*; others again, who though gifted with new talents, had yet been indebted to you and the discussions occasioned by your work, for

much more of their development, who had often and often styled you the great master, written verses in your honour, and, worse than all, now brought your opinions—with many good and worthy men—into as unmerited an odium, as the former class had into contempt, by attempts equally unfeeling and unwise, to realize them in private life, to the disturbance of domestic peace. In all these there was such a want of common sensibility, such a want of that gratitude to an intellectual benefactor, which even an honest reverence for their past selves should have secured, as did then, still does, and ever will, disgust me. * * * To this add that business of review-writing, which I have never hesitated to pronounce an immoral employment, unjust to the author of the books reviewed, injurious in its influences on the public taste and morality, and still more injurious on its influences on the head and heart of the reviewer himself. The *prægustatores* among the luxurious Romans soon lost their taste; and the verdicts of an old prægustator were sure to mislead, unless when, like dreams, they were interpreted into contraries. Our reviewers are the genuine descendants of these palate-seared taste-dictators. I am still confined by indisposition, but mean to step out to Hazlitt's—almost my next door neighbour—at his particular request. It is possible that I may find you there.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Godwin,

Yours, dear Godwin, affectionately,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Through unavoidable causes, Part VI. of "A SON OF THE SOIL," which should have appeared in the present number, is deferred by the author till next.—*Editor*.]

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